The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1907.

The Week.

The fleet which has just sailed from Hampton Roads has our heartiest good wishes. For it we desire the pleasantest of "frolics," free from mishaps of every kind. The ships will reach the Straits of Magellan at about the most favorable time of year for a successful passage, and we are confident that wherever they touch they will be cordially received. The Pacific Coast will outdo itself in hospitality, while the whole nation looks on with interest. It has nothing to do with the personnel of the fleet that many citizens and a considerable section of the press disapprove of the venture as ill-timed and rather an injury to the service than a benefit. It is no fault of the officers that the ships, by reason of the blunders of designers, carry their armor-belts below water instead of in the proper place, or that the Navy Department repeats year after year grave errors of design, like the exposure of the magazine to sparks droping from the turrets, and the planning of speeds far below those attained in foreign services. If the cruise to the Pacific should call the attention of Congress to the need of a radical reorganization of the Navy Department, it will certainly not be in vain.

From the Republican unhappy family in Washington come all sorts of unpleasing cries. "Preposterous," "a lie," "treachery," etc., fill the air. From all the discordant sounds, however, one fact comes out clear. Secretary Cortelyou has been and still is a receptive candidate for the Presidency. That is his right, of course, as it is that of every American boy, unless tradition, too, is a liar; but a cool examination of his claims and his chances is all that is needed to show that his nomination next year is scarcely conceivable. He is undoubtedly a capable and well-poised man, very strong on the administrative side; and it is true that he won golden opinions from financiers in New York and elsewhere for his resource and steadiness in the panic week. But what the astute managers of the Republican party would have to consider would be the sort of campaign he could make, and the charges that would instantly echo from every stump if he were nominated. He would inevitably appear as the candidate of Wall Street and Federal office-holders combined. Moreover, after his answer is made to the Senate resolution, it will doubtless appear that he deposited millions of money in so-called Standard Oil banks. We say nothing of the propriety of this act; doubtless it was necessary and fully justified. But think of Bryan shouting about it all through the campaign! Why, it would have been as good policy to talk of nominating Secretary Carlisle, after the gold contracts of the second Cleveland Administration. Finally, it is evident that the question of campaign contributions is to be an issue in the next campaign. With what success could a man hope to run, under whom, as chairman in 1904, the Harriman money and the life insurance money and the Standard Oil money and the Beef Trust money were collected to aid Roosevelt?

Westward the star of Democracy is to take its way in July—farther West than any convention has heretofore gone. Denver is an attractive place for such a gathering, and has hotels enough to care for the throngs certain to follow in the wake of the politicians. It is, perhaps, a just recognition of the way the centre of political power has swung from the East to the Middle West, that a Presidential Convention of 1908 should be held in a city that was a mere collection of huts fifty years ago, when secession or separation was the chief interest of the Democratic party. In this pure atmosphere and new surroundings, we wish the Democracy might come to some wisdom and decide to secede from Bryan and all his works. In his direction lie only defeat and added demoralization. The chances are that the Republicans will select a candidate worthy of the office. Denver will merely be synonymous with disaster if the leadership is again entrusted to a demagogue become so tiresome and so stale as to make it impossible for him to inject into the campaign any emotion save wonder as to what new and unbalanced scheme he will next offer as a bait to voters.

It is not only the private citizen's budget, or the corporation's balance-sheet, that needs watching. In hard times the public revenue and expenditure call for specially close scrutiny. At present, the tendency is rather ominous. Thus far in the fiscal year, the Treasury is $25,000,000 worse off than it was a year ago. While receipts have fallen off $6,000,000, expenditures have increased $19,000,000. And under the appropriations made by Congress, but few economies can be practised. Though a deficit now exists and is plainly in sight for the whole fiscal year, the Treasury must go on paying out money that Congress voted, trusting to luck. The really fortunate thing is that the Secretary of the Treasury has a large surplus—if he can recall it from the banks. But the unpleasant figures of income and outgo clearly prove that it is not merely our currency system that is in need of reform. Some day Congress will perceive the absurdity of having no centralized and effective control of the national budget.

Comptroller Ridgely's report is chiefly noteworthy for its advocacy of a Central Bank, holding exclusively the right to banknote issues, maintaining branches in the various cities, and controlled by the government, notwithstanding the provision of its capital by private shareholders. This is the plan proposed by the New York Chamber of Commerce Committee in October, 1906, but dismissed by that body at the time as politically impracticable. Mr. Ridgely admits, and indeed summarizes, the real obstacles. The Central Bank should be under government control, and yet "should be kept out of politics." The shareholders should elect their part of the board of directors; but "the men chosen for its managers and directors should be men of the highest character and ability, whose duties and interest would be for the undivided advantage and interest of the bank." These two stipulations are the stumbling-block. If the government has not been able, it will be said, to keep the Treasury out of politics, what could be expected from the vastly greater field of patronage and political profit opened by a $50,000,000 bank of issue and discount? If the shareholders are to be individuals, who is to guarantee in advance what directors they will choose? And if, as has been suggested, stock in the Central Bank is to be held by other banks, is it safe to assume that the managers selected by them would be devoted to "the undivided advantage and interest of the bank"? What Mr. Ridgely says of the value in panic times of such a central institution, commanding world-wide confidence and credit, administering the government's funds, and enjoying powers of elastic note-circulation, is entirely true. Probably the present humiliating partial suspension of cash payments, by nearly all the banks of the United States, could not have existed if such a Central Bank, intelligently conducted, had been in the field. But that the Central Bank either would or could have prevented financial collapse as the penalty for six years of financial recklessness, it is useless to contend. The Bank of England, with an ultra-conservative management, was able to avert neither the panic of 1847 nor that of 1866—the two most formidable financial disasters in London's history. By virtually forcing the joint-stock banks to lend fearlessly and to guarantee the Baring assets, it material-

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ly allayed the panic of 1890; and its course a year ago possibly averted a London panic for this present autumn; for it "read the riot act," as Lombard Street described it, to the English banks which were putting all of their spare resources at the disposal of the "Union Pacific boom." Whether an American Central Bank could be trusted for the last-mentioned achievement, is doubtful. The Treasury, at least on that occasion, did not exert a restraining influence

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If there seems to have been undue haste in dispatching Federal troops to Goldfield, the President is, as we have already pointed out, not to blame for sending them. He had no option in the matter, after being called upon by the Governor. Since it now appears that the Governor was either needlessly frightened or otherwise misled, Mr. Roosevelt has wisely ordered a strong commission, comprising the Commissioners of Labor and Corporations and the Assistant Secretary of Commerce to go to Goldfield and ascertain the precise facts. The nation cannot afford to have a repetition of the Idaho charges that Federal troops were used without warrant of law in the interest of the mine owners, and to the injury of the miners. The President has properly, therefore, warned the colonel commanding the troops now at Goldfield that they are to be neither for nor against strikers or employers, but are simply to preserve peace and order, molesting no man who obeys the law. Nothing has as yet appeared to make it clear why the Governor was so alarmed. True it is that the last army register gives the entire strength of the Nevada National Guard as sixty-seven officers and 134 men, and that the State is thus practically without any armed force to uphold the laws. Yet there seem to have been no serious outrages, nothing more than threats. Even the story that an attempt was made to blow up the regulars as yet lacks confirmation.

More than a personal issue is raised in the discovery by agents of the Interior Department that Robert L. Owen, one of the new Oklahoma Senators, himself with Indian blood in his veins, has obtained a 3,000-acre ranch by buying up Indian allotments by means of notes payable when the Indian owners can give an unencumbered title—as they can under legislation which Owen himself is fathering. It must not be forgotten that Statehood has bad as well as good features. There are opportunities for swindling now in the eastern half of Oklahoma which did not exist when the Indians there were wards of the Federal government. Observers like the Boston *Transcript's* correspondent recently in Oklahoma, declare that the white element in the old Indian Territory constitutes the greatest internal danger for the new State. The new right of citizenship conferred upon the Indians means, in the minds of many unscrupulous whites, merely the privilege of signing away their birthright. Congress in the enabling act realized that the Indians, only just promoted from tribal ownership of land, needed to be placed on a little different basis from the other citizens. Of course, the analogy of the swimming lesson applies here almost as much as in the case of the reservation Indians. They must learn in time to look out for their own affairs. Still, if the Indian Senator is animated by the ideals of the exploiters of his race, it is a bad start for Oklahoma.

Doubtless historians will one day write amusing chapters on the benighted days when people played the piano by hand. We trust that they will not have to record also that the American nation took advantage of a number of new and important inventions in music-making to deprive composers of their rights. The question of appliances for the mechanical reproduction of music will be before Congress again this winter. There are some specious arguments used in behalf of the manufacturers of perforated music rolls and talking-machine records. The business of these men is altogether legitimate, unless from the point of view of those to whom all "canned music" is abomination. They do bring music to countless homes which never enjoyed it in any form before. But if that were a sufficient reason for the denial of copyright protection, the book pirate would be equally deserving of special privilege. He, too, by cheap editions, disseminates worthy works more widely than would otherwise be the case. Both, moreover, profit by others' initiative, circulating only those works which have already proved successful in the form which yields some return to the author. If Congress adopts the theory of Representative Currier's bill, which puts all music at the mercy of the makers of perforated rolls, phonographs, and other such mechanical contrivances, Congress might, for just the same reasons, repeal our entire copyright law.

Samuel Gompers returned, at the dinner of the Civic Federation Monday night, to an old mutton of his. It is that wages must not, under any circumstances, be reduced. Workingmen, he said, are not responsible for the panic, and they do not propose to submit to any cutting down of their earnings. Every one must have a great deal of sympathy with the plight of laboring men overtaken by an industrial setback. Especially is there reason for such a feeling after a period of artificially high prices. Whether these result from speculation, or are temporarily screwed up by a protective tariff, the result is equally hard upon workingmen. Yet the kindest consideration for the misfortunes of wage-earners suddenly face to face with depression, must not blind us to the absurdity of such a protest in their behalf. Let it be noted, to begin with, that his plan is squarely at variance with the practice of many labor unions—and, of course, it is only for organized labor that Mr. Gompers pretends to speak. It is a common thing for trades unions to make agreements with employers whereby wages shall vary as the price of the product. This is of the essence of the "sliding scale" of the Amalgamated Association of Iron and Steel Workers. The same principle enters into the fixing of the wages of coal-miners, and was, indeed, recognized by the commission appointed at the time of the anthracite coal strike. We have at this moment another illustration in the case of the copper-miners of the Lake Superior region. Their wages have been reduced, and they have accepted the cut without a murmur, because the price of copper has fallen 50 per cent. Moreover, the head of the American Federation of Labor cannot avoid the language and the arguments of a monopolist. Who but a monopolist would venture, at such a juncture, to say to the American people that, whatever their hardships, and however much their income might be reduced, he would not consent to share at all in the common privations, but would insist upon the highest price for what he had to sell? If the Beef Trust should take such a position, we should know what to think of it. Why should we have a different opinion of its arrogant defiance of public opinion when it is taken by a would-be Labor Trust? It is not probable that Mr. Gompers is really deceived by his own fallacies. As a sensible man, he must perfectly understand that it is impossible to single out the working classes as the only ones that shall not suffer in pocket and comfort at a time like this. We are all bound up together, and no class can claim immunity from the general misfortune. We have had our years of inflation, and are now confronted with the disagreeable but necessary process of liquidation. The high wages of labor will, in their turn, have to be liquidated.

The National Child Labor Committee, we are glad to note, has deemed it wise to give up for the present its demand for a Federal child labor law. The committee's decision last year to stake everything on getting a law through Congress was unfortunate; for the passage of such a measure would have discouraged State efforts for proper legislation, particularly in the South. Moreover, the value of the proposed Federal

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inspection was more than doubtful, even had it been desirable to take another step toward centralizing power at Washington; and finally the choice of Senator Beveridge as the Congressional sponsor of the bill was a grievous blunder, since no student of political affairs takes the ever-youthful Senator from Indiana seriously. Now the National Child Labor Committee, on second thought, has made of the Federal inquiry into child labor, authorized on February 19 last, an excuse for suspending its activity on behalf of the Beveridge bill. It will, "for the present, take no further action with reference to national legislation until the results of the national investigation are available"; and will concentrate its efforts for the present upon State and local legislation and the attempt to secure a "Children's Bureau" in Washington.

A dispatch from New Haven states that the Yale "high livers" have got a bad blow in Dean Wright's report on scholarship. It appears that the wealthy students living in the expensive private dormitories are, in general, very poor scholars. For example, of the warnings for low scholarship given to sophomore classes between 1900 and 1903, 27 per cent. went to the rich boys in luxurious apartments, as against only 9 per cent. to those rooming on the campus. In view of this poor showing, the "high livers" are expected to be deeply dejected. But we are much mistaken if they are not, rather, elated. What does the Dean imagine they go to college for, anyway? To become pale-faced grubbers in books? Well, hardly. And to offset all the doleful figures about poor standing, they have another set which is a complete vindication of their course. Of the eighty men recently taken into the junior fraternities, seventy came from the dormitories with Persian apparatus, and only eight from the poverty-stricken rooms on the campus. The sooner our college authorities find out that in social advantages all the honor lies, the sooner they will show that they understand their Philistia.

If paper pledges are to count, the Central American Conference, which concluded its labors at Washington on Saturday, has accomplished more for peace in exactly one month than the august Hague assembly did in five. But amity and war have before followed each other so closely in Central America as to render an unrestrained optimism in the matter impossible. Yet the work of the Conference enjoys the better chances of survival because it does not attempt to bring about a sudden consolidation of five warring republics into a single state. Peace in the troubled Caribbean countries is to be established by the practical mode of reconciling and consolidating conflicting interests. The neutralization of Honduras is probably meant to save that country from being made a battle-ground between its quarrelsome neighbors on either side, Guatemala and Nicaragua; though the interposition of equally bellicose Salvador between the two republics does not entirely deprive them of the possibility of getting at each other. The institution of a permanent peace tribunal, with jurisdiction over all matters of contention, is welcome. Useful, too, are treaties providing for a system of extradition which should prevent the soil of one republic being made a recruiting ground for rebellion against another state; the development of a correlated system of higher education; the establishment of a Central American bureau of information; the harmonious adjustment of tariff schedules; and the development in common of means of transport and communication. In the "Fraternity of Central America" which was spontaneously created at a banquet to the delegates, and which consists of Mr. Root, Mr. Buchanan, the Mexican Ambassador at Washington, and the Mexican Foreign Minister, it is not impossible to discern an informal body of guarantors of the newly-concluded agreement.

English politics may be entering on a new phase, like our own. With the Irish question pressing threateningly, and with the Parliamentary programme for the next session yet unfixed, the Ministry can ill spare its chief. If Campbell-Bannerman's disability should be much prolonged it would almost certainly lead to a reconstruction of the Cabinet. It is true that enthusiastic Liberals are saying that they would prefer Sir Henry ill to any other Premier well, but that cannot last. Something of the same sort was said early in the last century, when Lord Liverpool was Prime Minister and fell ill. The result, however, was a break-up of the Ministry in a few months. That experience will almost surely be repeated now, if Campbell-Bannerman does not soon come back from Biarritz able-bodied. There has been some loose talk about keeping him on as a "Premier without a portfolio," but Sir Henry's hard sense would be the first to pronounce against the possibility of that.

A brief dispatch from Paris quotes unofficial authority for the conclusion of a treaty between the British and French governments providing for mutual assistance in the prevention of tax-dodging, especially with regard to inheritance duties and the income tax. This, if we are not in error, is quite a new phase of treaty-making. Extradition treaties we know, and conventions regulating the right of expatriation and the obligation of naturalized American subjects to military service in their native land, are, of course, common; but this is the first instance of the recreant capitalist's being placed on an equality with the forger and the assassin. The signatories to the new treaty have probably reasoned that capital, because of its very fluidity, must be dealt with in some such international fashion. So far as France is concerned, the treaty may be not unconnected with the proposed income tax law which has now been the subject of bitter discussion for over a year. A leading argument of the opponents of the measure has been that the Caillaux law—so called after its sponsor, the present Minister of Finance—will drive French capital across the frontiers. Within France there would be little chance for evasion, owing to the extensive inquisitorial powers conferred by the proposed law on the revenue officials. French cartoonists have represented silver-haired old ladies with red-hot irons applied to the soles of their feet, or little boys of four confronted by three fiercely moustachioed gendarmes, one of whom is saying: "If you don't tell us where your papa has hidden his money, we will take away your little wooden horse."

What appeared to be a threatening situation in Natal a short time ago has been averted by the surrender of Dinizulu, who has been held responsible for a renewal of native unrest. The attitude of the Zulu king during the uprising of last year caused the British much uneasiness, since, without taking the field, he was suspected of having fomented the insurrection. It is lucky that hostilities were avoided. By the world at large, a second Zulu uprising within two years would have been taken as indicating a state of native affairs in Natal that called for more broad-minded dealing than the colonial authorities were willing to enter upon. The Zulus are notably warlike and insubordinate; yet after the terrible lesson of last year it would be something else than martial ardor that could impel them to take the field once more against mounted infantry and machine guns. Whether the hut tax that was the cause of last year's uprising is an unjust burden or not has been variously debated. But in any case prudence would dictate to the Natal authorities not to risk an upheaval that might easily spread over all of British South Africa. The newly constituted governments in the Transvaal and Orange River Colony have shown no disposition to embrace a liberal policy toward the natives, and the Imperial government has seen fit to reserve all future legislation on the subject for its own consideration, that is, for a possible Imperial veto.

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A CLEAR FIELD.

President Roosevelt has screwed down the coffin of third-term hopes. By renewing with emphasis his statement of 1904, he has made it impossible for any man hereafter to talk about nominating him without insulting him. There will still be mutterings, of course, from exposed prophets and disappointed sycophants, but the thing is settled. The political field is cleared. For the first time in twelve years, a Republican National Convention will meet not simply to register a foregone conclusion.

This will at once lead to a great quickening of interest in the contest. The friends of various candidates will redouble their activity. General talk about availability will have to give way to actual demonstration of strength—strength both in popular sentiment and in ability to command practical support. This is the main reason why, in our judgment, the movement in favor of Gov. Hughes should immediately be given a new aspect. Thus far, it has been passive; taking note of the deep impression which he has made upon all parts of the country; observing the remarkable unanimity of States with favorite sons in making him second choice; waiting for the heavy hand of the President to be removed. But now it is time that active work were done by those well-wishers of the Republican party and of the nation who desire to see Mr. Hughes made the candidate for the Presidency.

On the barest grounds of political expediency his title might be urged. The Republicans are, in any case, going to have a hard row to hoe next year. They will have to encounter the argument of hard times. This is always formidable against the party in power; it will be doubly hard for the Republicans, after their record and their boasts, to overcome. Any one can see by the way in which Bryan's spirits are rising that he expects to harp next year upon the Republican panic and the Republican depression. Now, the only way to meet such tactics is, not to put forward a rival in harum-scarum shouting, but a man who has shown himself strong and cool and steady, and in whom the great mass of conservative people, doubtful about the past and timorous about the future, can be induced to repose their confidence.

Gov. Hughes seems, in fact, as if cut out by nature to be an after-panic nominee. He is progressive, but sure-footed. It is his illustration of slow-going but constructive reform, as against the hurricane variety, which has made people all over the land look to him as the type of mind and the style of executive which times of upheaval and uncertainty demand. It is clear and firm administration, with few but well-considered measures of new legislation, that Gov. Hughes has stood for; and only a programme along those lines can have any hope of winning against Bryan next year. Lord Cromer, in a recent speech, told a story to exemplify the two types of statesmanship:

> A conjurer exhibited in London some few years ago. He invited one of the audience to lend him his hat. He then, to all appearances, cut it into small pieces, and eventually, of course, gave it back to the owner uninjured. He then invited any one among the audience to do the same. A young officer of the army stepped on to the platform and said he would like to try. He borrowed a hat from a confiding old gentleman, and cut it into small pieces. Then he stepped down from the stage with the remark: "I can only do the cutting up part. I leave the rest to the professional conjurer." The owner of the hat was not altogether satisfied.

We have had too many public men in recent years who could only do "the cutting up part." The fragments, which prove their skill, lie all about. A man who can keep things whole is now pretty generally desiderated; and no one in sight fills the bill better than Gov. Hughes.

He himself, we make no manner of doubt, will refuse to be an active candidate. Sticking to his job, he will give himself wholly to the work of the office which he now holds. But as that originally gave him strength with the people, it will now only heighten it. But his friends will bestir themselves in his behalf, and the eyes of all Republicans will be turned to New York. The delegation of this State is likely to be for Hughes; and, with the strong prepossession in his favor in Pennsylvania, in Illinois, and in Indiana, there is good hope that the Empire State will again be able to give to the nation a great servant.

THE IRREPRESSIBLE TARIFF.

Already it is evident that those who think the tariff question can be put away in camphor until after the next Presidential election, are living in a fool's paradise. The thing will down at no man's bidding. It is not only tariff-reformers who insist upon keeping up the discussion. Tariff-bigots do the same thing. Last week in the Senate, resolutions were introduced by Senator Gallinger which were, in effect, an attack upon the Administration for having temporarily composed our tariff differences with Germany. It was done by mutual concessions. The German Government agreed not to apply its maximum duties to our exports, and in return we agreed to give up the vexatious and often outrageous marking up of the valuations of German invoices. But did anybody suppose that the Protective Tariff League would let such a reasonable adjustment pass without shrill protests? Foreign goods have been let into the sacred preserves; and so we see the President and Secretary of State denounced as traitors to the protectionist cause, and Senator Gallinger is put forward to make the fight for the whole-hog tariff. The spirit of the high protectionists is like that of the champions of slavery, who, just before it was about to fall forever, asserted with noble rage that it must not be attacked in any particular.

If the tariff beneficiaries and the protectionist fanatics will not let the question sleep, certainly reformers cannot fail to press home the truth at every opportunity. Never was the chance finer to strike against tariff injustice. By accident, the protectionists have been able to enlist on their side the superstition that a high tariff means prosperity. But now, by accident, that political argument, fallacious but effective, has been taken away from them. Depression has come with the tariff at its highest. Manufactures are crippled, men are being thrown out of work or having their wages cut down, with protection powerless to prevent it. The popular delusion on that subject should now be shattered irreparably; and the country should be ready to hear the truth with a more unbiassed mind.

Moreover, every door that a protectionist President would open by a crack, simply demands to be flung wide. Mr. Roosevelt came out for the removal of all duties on every forest-product. He would not only make white paper, but lumber, cheaper; and this on the incidental ground of the threatened exhaustion of our home supply. In forest products, however, we are not approaching an absolute limit, since we have millions of acres adapted to the growth of such products, and the science of forestry is rapidly advancing. But with coal and iron the case is different. Nature is not making new beds of coal to take the place of those which we are so rapidly using up. The same may be said of various other mineral products. Yet we get no word from the President urging the removal of tariff duties from the supplies from other countries. If the pulp of the newspaper could be made of coal, possibly he would have remembered the tariff on coal.

In his implied recommendation that the tariff on art be abolished, the President made another halting concession, where every consideration of logic and good sense should have carried him further. The tariff on books, scientific instruments, and other such aids to the progress of civilization is even more barbarous than the tariff on art. No one is better aware than the President of the absurdity and the positive injury of such duties, nor will his reasons for delay until after the Presidential election apply to them.

A pungent article in the Portland *Oregonian*, which has been a stout defender of Mr. Roosevelt, though it is for tar-

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iff revision, shows how topic after topic in the President's message really led him up to the iniquities of the tariff, though he refrained from following the argument. The President dwells upon the evils of large and secret campaign contributions. But who have been the notorious corrupters of the suffrage through large gifts of money to politicians? Who but the tariff barons? President Roosevelt himself took their checks, and has thus far yielded to their demand that he leave untouched the tariff which they bought and paid for. The President talks much about "equalizing opportunity," yet what inequality is so gross as the privilege purchased by a few to enrich themselves, through tariff laws, at the expense of the many? Mr. Roosevelt opposes Socialism, yet nothing could do more to provoke an active socialistic movement than a law to make a government tax a means of private enrichment and oppression. The *Oregonian* sums up:

> The revision of the tariff is the greatest moral and economic issue before the nation to-day. The people demand it. Morality demands it. The obvious principles of justice demand it. Yet Mr. Roosevelt dismisses this supreme question in a paragraph.

One of the weaknesses of the President's gingerly treatment of the revision of the tariff is his implied view that any given duty is a vested right of its beneficiary. Hence no change must be made until after "due notice." Hence, also, the need of having the tariff revised only by its friends. But there is no reforming edge in all this. We do not wait to serve due notice upon a man who is picking our pockets. Nor do we leave it to highwaymen to revise their own code. In the present temper of the American people, the tariff as a vested wrong has a better chance of being considered on its demerits than for many years. Prophesiers of smooth things will urge that we keep quiet about it, or wait indefinitely, relying upon promises as false as dicer's oaths, but the issue is irrepressible.

SOUTHERN PEONAGE AND IMMIGRATION.

Southern disappointment at the obvious failure of the plan to bring into the South large numbers of foreign immigrants has been intensified by the recent report of Assistant Attorney-General Russell upon the subject of peonage. His statement of the facts as he found them is described as a deliberate conspiracy on the part of the Federal government to keep all foreign immigrants away from the South. To those of us who are used to hearing politicians lay upon our immigrants the blame for about all our national shortcomings, this complaint sounds almost comical. But in view of the open opposition of the Italian government to the settlement of Italians in the South and the recent blacklisting of Missouri and Mississippi by Austria and Hungary, it is not surprising that the South is wincing and that it should be inclined to call somebody to account.

It is not yet a year ago that certain States, notably South Carolina and Georgia, announced with a great flourish of trumpets that they were going to solve the labor and race problems by importing foreigners *en masse*. The arrival of a German steamship at Charleston with a cargo of immigrants was hailed as the beginning of a new era. Articles appeared all over the country condoling with the negro, or rejoicing over his certain economic extinction by the European invader. About the same time, however, the Italian government was sending representatives into the Southern States to see for themselves the conditions under which expatriated citizens lived. As a result of these investigations, the government threw its entire weight against recruiting for the South, and particularly for "colonies." Especially in Louisiana it found that the plight of the Italian laborers was unfortunate. It cannot, of course, dictate where any individual shall settle; it can, however, throw its influence in any given direction by means of its inspectors and the government officer who accompanies every steamer bearing Italian emigrants.

It was not only that there were some colonies or groups of Italians whose situation bordered on peonage, but that the general conditions of life were unfavorable. In some places the "dagoes" were regarded as about on a par with "niggers," and the treatment of them corresponded. Again, in Mississippi and Arkansas particularly, the absence of good food, of good roads, and efficient schools, together with the lack of all the amenities of life which go to make the existence of the very poor in Italy full of color, music, and variety, gave so cheerless an impression that the Italian government was bound to discourage its citizens from going to these States. Then came Secretary Bonaparte's chilling decision that a State could import immigrants, but could not guarantee them work. And when Mr. Russell came along and reported that the laws of the Southern States are used in various ways "to uphold peonage and other kinds of involuntary servitude," he was naturally denounced for this, and for urging that these statutes be amended "so as to be harmless for the purpose of enslaving workmen." This was the last straw.

Naturally, Southern newspapers have resorted to the *tu quoque*. The Charleston *News and Courier* wants to know why the North does not stamp out the "infamous 'white slave' trade, a traffic restricted to Northern cities." The New Orleans *Times-Democrat* avers that there are Italians working on the Northern Pacific Railroad under padrones, and "dimly remembers" to have read some serious strictures on the padrone system. The New Orleans *Picayune* rages for nearly two columns against the use of the whole Federal government to discredit the South, but gets consolation by suddenly discovering that the South does not want to get low foreign hordes at all; that "God is good to the South," and that in the long run the foreigners will soon displace the native-born Northerners, who will then seek refuge in the South!

Instead of formulating such fantastic theories, the statesmanlike way is for the South to rid itself of peonage; to put the North, with its "white slave" trade, to shame by making impossible within its borders any human slavery. Finally, the South might ascertain precisely the reasons which compelled the Italian government to its decision, and then clean house so thoroughly that hereafter those objections would be removed.

The truth is that the South is now paying for its failure to treat its own labor supply well. Too small this supply is, and often too inefficient. But there is only one method of making labor efficient, and that is by making it content and intelligent. Nothing is so wasteful as unwilling labor, whether of slave or peon. The lash never produced in the South the efficiency of its workmen of to-day, inspired as they are by self-interest. If this labor is to become more effective, it can only be made so by being given better opportunities, greater freedom, the protection of the laws, and—above all—a share in the government. The trained Italian observers cannot have failed to note that in a professed republic thousands of its citizens are deprived of the ballot because of their color, are at the mercy of lynch law, and, being poor and powerless, are in many communities being pushed downwards instead of being helped upwards. Is it surprising that Italy thinks the South has not yet learned how to treat workingmen properly? It avails not to reproach the North for its manifest sins; that will bring no more labor South. As the Pittsburgh *Dispatch* puts it, "the South will never come into its own industrially and economically until every vestige of slavery is removed from it."

MACEDONIA.

The assassination of Boris Sarafoff, the most noted Bulgarian champion of Macedonian freedom, by a supposed fellow-revolutionist, is typical of the cruel complex of factors that has made the pacification of Macedonia so desperate a problem. Macedonia is not Armenia. The comparatively simple situation of a Christian populace subjected to Otto-

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man misgovernment and persecution is not duplicated in the Balkan peninsula. For the last five years, Macedonia has been made a land of massacre and pillage, not by contending Turkish and Christian forces, but by bands representing the various Christian nationalities in the peninsula. It has been Bulgarian, Greek, and Servian, pitted against each other far more often than against the Turk, to whom the monstrously anomalous conditions have greatly appealed, and for obvious reasons. To divide and rule has been the historical method of the despot. But few despots in history have been so fortunate as Abdul Hamid II. in being spared the necessity even of sowing dissension among their enemies. That work has been done for the Turks by the jealousies of the European Powers and the fierce hatreds that hold apart the Balkan nations. If sanguinary strife is to prevail not only between race and race, but between individual leaders in the same camp, as the murder of Sarafoff attests, it is apparent that the Porte has no cause for immediate worry.

The present difficulties date from the Macedonian revolution of 1903. The intervention of the Powers brought about a cessation of hostilities in November of that year, after 15,000 Bulgarians had perished in the course of some seven months' fighting. Russia and Austria, as the mandatories of the European Concert, imposed on the Turkish government the so-called Mürzsteg programme, providing, among other things, for the appointment of two civil agents in attendance upon the Turkish inspector-general, Hilmi Pasha, in order to study conditions in the three Macedonian vilayets, and to report thereon to their respective governments; the reorganization of the gendarmerie under a foreign general in the service of the Turkish government, to whom other European officers should be attached; and, when peace had been reëstablished, the redistribution of the administrative divisions in the three vilayets, "with a view to a more regular grouping of the various nationalities." Of these reforms the first two have been formally introduced, but allowed to remain practically ineffective, while the third has become a force for actual and serious harm. The civil agents have sent voluminous reports to their governments, the foreign police officers have been paid their stipends and kept sedulously away from everything in the nature of police work, and the promised "redistribution" of racial frontiers has set the Bulgarians, the Greeks, and the Servians at each others' throats.

Just why such internecine warfare should have resulted, is clearly enough indicated in the joint note on Macedonia addressed to the Powers by Russia and Austria on September 28 last. After quoting the terms of the Mürzsteg programme with regard to the future rearrangement of the Macedonian administrative divisions, it declares:

> The revolutionary committees have abandoned their struggle against the Ottoman government, and entered upon a course of racial warfare, with the apparent design of extending, each nationality for itself, its own sphere of influence, in order that such extension, factitious though it may be, and most often carried through by force rather than by the free will of the inhabitants, might serve as the basis for a future delimitation which would take into account the formal announcement by any element of the population of its sympathies as Bulgarian, Servian, or Greek.

To prove the nullity of such efforts at conquest, the Austro-Russian mandatories assert that no territorial delimitation will take place in Macedonia until the complete cessation of guerrilla activity and the thorough pacification of the country; that such delimitation would be in no sense a repartition of Macedonia into national spheres, but merely a readjustment of administrative geographical units of altogether secondary importance, and that in any case such delimitation would absolutely leave out of account the changes in the racial sympathies of the inhabitants effected by the activity of the guerrilla bands. To this statement the Balkan governments have presented the inevitable diplomatic reply. Servia regretted the deplorable state of affairs in Macedonia, but begged to point out that Bulgarian bands had been in the field before the announcement of the Mürzsteg programme in 1903, and that the Servian population had been driven to take up arms in self-defence. Greece begged to express its appreciation of the "lofty sense of equity" that animated the mandatory powers, but wished to state that the Bulgarian bands had begun to war against the Greek element in Macedonia as early as 1897. Bulgaria could not forget the fact that the great bulk of the people of Macedonia is Bulgarian. And there the matter rests.

The truth is that responsibility for the present chaos rests on Greeks, Bulgarians, and Servians alike. Five years of sanguinary conflict have served to obscure the question of initial right and wrong. Each party can now point to its martyrs. The only undisputed fact is that the people of Macedonia almost alone pay the awful cost. Competent observers declare that the years of the "Reform" have been far worse than the years of the "Insurrection." That hurricane of repression slew its thousands; the "Reform" is slaying its tens of thousands. According to Sir Edward Grey, two hundred murders a month—promiscuous murder, of men, women, and children—is the average, and that is declared to be rather an underestimate. In the vilayet of Monastir the murders in 1906 numbered eleven hundred. In the vilayet of Kossovo it was somewhat less. C. F. G. Masterman, an English M.P., writes to the London *Nation* from personal observation:

> Parts of Russia may reveal some similar statistics; but there the innocent are mostly left alone, or only killed by accident. Revolutionaries kill officials, and are killed by them. But in Macedonia it is rarely the guilty who suffer. The harmless peasant working in the fields, his wife and sleeping children, form the staple material of the massacred. If a band kills a Turk there will be reprisals. If an Exarchist village is converted—by murder—to the Patriarchal supremacy, it is very sure that retaliation will follow. But the reprisals will descend promiscuously upon any peasants who happen to provide material for slaughter, and the "conversion" will probably operate on a community who know nothing of the causes of their disturbance.

No other remedy suggests itself but the institution of a force of gendarmerie that shall be European throughout, and free to act on its own initiative, as the present police officers are not. Pressure must be exerted on the two mandatory Powers. The guardians should be guarded in turn. To expect the warring Balkan nationalities to lay down their arms voluntarily is vain. In the first place, too much blood has already been shed to permit a speedy reconciliation of differences. In the second place, the Balkan governments are apparently convinced that, in spite of protestations to the contrary, any repartition of Turkish territory will be accomplished only on the basis of the *status quo*, and that with the prevailing cheapness of life in the Balkans, it is a good policy to face the future with the *fait accompli* as much as possible in one's favor. Such hopes lead Greek merchants to send lavish patriotic contributions from every part of the world, and impel the Bulgarian government to "wink" at the activity of its numerous bands. Guerrilla chaos as a policy in Macedonia has the supposed double advantage of hastening the end of the Turk and advancing the cause of a particular nationality.

A NEW ERA FOR THE CONGO.

The Belgian Parliamentary Commission which has in hand the drafting of a colonial bill has not quite finished its labors, but already we know the main provisions of the measure that is to terminate Leopold's misrule in the Congo. Briefly stated, the problem of the Congo for the last year or more has been whether the personal influence of Leopold II. was to continue paramount even after the annexation of the state by Belgium, or whether the new régime should be one of Parliamentary control in fact as well as in name. In England, where the Congo reform agitation practically has its home, there was, up to a very short time ago, a tendency to distrust the motives of the Belgian King and of the majority in the Parliamen-

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tary Commission. Driven by outraged public opinion to make concessions in one direction, King Leopold was represented as seeking to perpetuate his malign influence in other directions. He was, for example, accused of ceding to private companies, in which he was interested, the whole of the Domain of the Crown, on conditions that would render that vast section of the Congo practically independent of Belgian control. That story has been shown to be more or less false, and, on the whole, the Belgian King, during these last few months, has not been given his entire due.

On this subject we may note a remarkable change in English public opinion within the last few weeks. As late as November 7 the London *Times*, which has been an uncompromising critic of conditions in the Congo, published a solemn appeal to the nation, signed, among others, by the Archbishop of Canterbury, Sir Harry Johnston, Sir Charles W. Dilke, and the Lord-Mayors of Glasgow, Liverpool, Manchester, York, Newcastle, and Sheffield. The appeal enumerated the oft-repeated charges against the system of King Leopold, and then went on to criticise the inadequacy of the measures contemplated by the Belgian Parliament:

> The proposals of the Belgian government are now seen (by the Colonial Law) to leave the present system unchanged in all its vital features, with no check at all upon autocratic control in so far as native administration is concerned; and a majority on the Parliamentary Commission charged with the examination of these proposals has been found willing to concede to autocracy what autocracy required above all—financial control. . . . These and other measures would appear to indicate the grave peril that Belgium may be formally committed to such a course as may be disastrous to the supreme human issues at stake, and make it impossible in the opinion of the signatories for our government to acquiesce in what is taking place.

Only twelve days after the publication of the appeal, the Brussels correspondent of the *Times*, whose dispatches had been as uniformly severe in tone as the words we have quoted, telegraphed that, while it was still "possible that certain modifications may be introduced on the second reading, taken as a whole, the bill as it now stands represents a remarkable triumph of the party which has been fighting the battle of Parliamentary control versus absolutism. When it passes into law, Parliament will have the right to intervene in any matter relating to the colony."

The Belgian colonial bill, like every other document, is, of course, subject to varying interpretation. And, according as one is or is not willing to credit the Belgian Parliamentary majority with good faith in the task it is now engaged upon, the estimate of the ultimate benefit of the bill will differ. Just how wide a difference the initial point of view may bring about appears when we turn to the remarks on the colonial bill by E. D. Morel, published together with the text of the bill in the "Official Organ of the Congo Reform Association." The vital portion of the bill is contained in Article II., which declares that the legislative power in the colonial possessions of Belgium is exercised by the King in the forms specified within the bill; Article III., which declares that power is exercised by decrees, issued with certain exceptions when the Cabinet has charge, by the Colonial Minister; and Article V., which declares that no act of the King can have effect unless countersigned by the Minister, who by that alone makes himself responsible. On these articles Mr. Morel comments: "From the above it will be seen that the legislative and executive power is just as wholly in the King's hands as it was before." Whereas the *Times* correspondent is of the opinion that "by this clause [Article V.] the Belgian Chamber obtains similar powers to those exercised by the House of Commons."

Indubitably, the bill contains features which might have been replaced by more radical provisions. Such, for instance, is Article VIII., which leaves the annual budget still to be drawn up by the King. Nevertheless, he does not retain absolute financial control. The same clause provides that the salary of the Colonial Minister and the expenses of the central colonial administration in Belgium form a special budget which will be submitted every year to the vote of the Chambers. Parliament is thereby given the power to interpellate the Minister on the entire sphere of colonial administration, and, in case of sharp conflict, to refuse to vote supplies for carrying on colonial administration in Brussels. A Colonial Minister and a Colonial Council might conceivably hold out after supplies had been refused by Parliament; but even Leopold II. would hesitate before entering on a constitutional conflict with his Chambers. Finally, the King's control over finances is further limited by the important proviso that "decrees authorizing loans chargeable to or guaranteed by the colony, and works to be paid for out of extraordinary resources, shall be issued only on the proposal of the Ministers in council." On the whole, then, the near beginning of a brighter era in the Congo may be expected.

One great question, however, still awaits solution at the hands of the Belgian Parliament before the Congo can be regarded as a modern colony. The problem was well stated in a note by Sir Harry Johnston appended to the appeal from which we have quoted:

> The thesis at the back of the present system, viz., that the ownership of all the commercial resources and produce of the Congo above Stanley Pool is and remains vested in individuals residing in Europe, must find no place in any future scheme of administration.

That is a just position to take, and it is for the Belgian people, now that it is about to obtain control of the Congo, to show that the old evils will not be perpetuated. Royal extortion or Parliamentary extortion—to the natives of the Congo the process under any name would remain just as unpleasant.

THE PLEASANT PRACTICE OF READING ALOUD.

"The pleasant practice of reading aloud," says a recent writer, "is one that is now falling into disuse." It is easy to adduce reasons why. For one thing, we are in too much of a hurry. He is a true child of the present day, that Columbia professor who maintains that to read a book through is to exhibit a touching and commonly misplaced confidence in the author. From most books, our learned friend declares, you can get all that is worth while by turning the leaves pretty rapidly and, so to speak, eating out the heart. This skeptic would doubtless maintain that to spend time reading the book through aloud is reckless extravagance; and to that view many other persons must assent. Our *a priori* argument as to why the pleasant practice should decline is fortified by the testimony of a Harvard expert, who some fifteen years ago used to talk to freshmen about "The Obsolescent Art of Reading Aloud." Presumably, his conclusions were the result of exhaustive research, after the most approved manner of modern scholarship; and if his protests have not arrested the evil tendency we may believe that by 1907 the art is entirely obsolete in and around Cambridge. But in less enlightened and progressive parts of the country—the intellectual backwaters—the custom may still linger, a survival of an age of leisure and of child-like faith in authors. Stevenson tells of a Welsh blacksmith who at the age of twenty-five could neither read nor write. But when he heard a chapter of "Robinson Crusoe" read aloud in a farm kitchen, he "painfully learned to read Welsh and returned to borrow the book." It had been lost, and he could find only a copy in English; yet so strong was the spell that had been cast upon him, that down he sat once more and learned English. We may match this with a passage from Lang's "Letters to Dead Authors":

> I know that in a remote and even Pictish part of this kingdom, a rural household, humble and under the shadow of a sorrow inevitably approaching, has found in "David Copperfield" oblivion of winter, of sorrow, and of sickness.

The Welsh blacksmith and the Scottish family we may take as types. There are persons of far more abundant æsthetic resources who nevertheless share

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their simple tastes and prefer to prolong the enjoyment of a good book, to sip it rather than swallow it at a gulp.

And in spite of our deference to the authority of the Columbia pundit, we hold that there are plenty of books to be sipped. History, we confess, is likely to prove rather a stiff dose. We all remember how in "Alice in Wonderland" the Mouse offered to the wet animals the driest thing he knew:

William the Conqueror, whose cause was favored by the Pope, was soon submitted to by the English, who wanted leaders, and who had been of late much accustomed to usurpation and conquest. Edwin and Morcar, the earls of Mercia and Northumbria—

But this is not to say that Macaulay in the mouth of the right reader would not hold the attention of an intelligent listener through the whole five volumes. For the most part, however, the books for the living voice are essays, letters, diaries, biography, fiction, and poetry. In prose the choice would commonly fall on the writing that is relieved by touches of humor. For essays our own selection—though we have space for but few names—would be first those of Lamb and Hazlitt. Irving, too, is always happy, even if somewhat tenuous. Of their modern disciples we prefer Thackeray of the "Roundabout Papers," Alexander Smith, and Stevenson, and—*longo intervallo*—Lang and Augustine Birrell. In the graver vein there is Newman in the "Apologia," "The Idea of a University," "Essays Critical and Historical," and "Historical Sketches." His sentences fall on the ear with singular charm and persuasiveness. Matthew Arnold, particularly in "Culture and Anarchy," "Friendship's Garland," and the two series of "Essays in Criticism," is steadily entertaining; and so are Walter Bagehot and Leslie Stephen; and so, too, is Huxley, whose merits as a stylist are hardly yet appreciated. From Arnold and Huxley it is a short step to the book which occupied so much of their thought, the Bible. The best of this, as we have said before, is the best there is. The Bible and the "Imitation" respond to our more serious moods with unmatched aptness and eloquence.

In letters, diaries, biography, and fiction it is safe to pick out almost any of the old favorites: the letters of Swift to Stella, of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, Cowper, Byron, Shelley, Lamb, and so on down to Stevenson; the diary of Fanny Burney; Boswell's Johnson, Lockhart's "Life of Scott," Trevelyan's Macaulay; and all the good novels. First on the list are the novels of clever characterization and vivacious dialogue; and in this class nothing is better for reading aloud than Jane Austen, so animated and witty that even her bores are amusing. Quite at the other pole stands Wilkie Collins, his characters mere empty masks, his dialogue a machine for unravelling the mystery, his stories, in short, devoid of graces of style and offering us the interest of plot at almost its lowest terms. Yet we have seen a set of Wilkie Collins with faint pencilled memoranda, like the following, at the beginning and the end of nearly every one of the thirty volumes:

Dear Helen commenced reading this wonderful tale Saturday, 7 P. M., April 27, 1895.

My dear Helen finished this story Monday evening, May 6, 1895.

The hand is feeble and uncertain, like that of age or infirmity; and not long after the date of the last entry the books were offered at auction. Who "My dear Helen" was and who her eager listener, and why the reading stopped, we shall never know; but we may guess that Collins, as well as Dickens, has brought forgetfulness of pain, and perhaps even happiness under the shadow of the inevitably approaching end.

As for poetry, reading aloud is the only way. The difference between poetry read thus and read to one's self is the difference between hearing music played and quietly studying the score. The rhythm and the rhyme, the pomp and movement of the verse, lose half their effect without the interpretation of the voice. Indeed, the only poetry that we make our own, the poetry whose cadences cling in the memory, is that which we have read aloud or heard read; its imagery is ever visible to the inner eye, its melody dwells in the inner ear. And this perhaps is one reason why the books read aloud to us in childhood make so deep an impression and so profoundly affect our taste. It is not merely that our senses are unworn and tender; it is that the sound itself has reinforced the idea. The hymns we sang in Sunday-school, the poetry of the school reader, the declamations of Friday afternoon—for many of us these have set once for all the standard of literary excellence. And age and experience and wide ranging through many famous volumes can never bring us back to that high-water mark of pleasure in books.

PARIS BOOK NOTES.

PARIS, December 6.

There are a few gleanings to be made among late autumn books, before the holiday season sweeps all away with its flood of commonplace. As usual the Revolution, or something directly preceding or following it, furnishes matter the most fruitful and piquant. Frantz Funck-Brentano finally expands his original researches in historic French outlawry into a notable volume on Mandrin, the captain-general of the "contrebandiers de France." The names of Mandrin and of Cartouche long since entered into popular legend in France, like those of Jonathan Wild and Claude Duval in England. The real story of the man, with his six expeditions laughing at the King's taxes and customs all along the Dauphiné frontier, is here brought down to sober history from the complete and often new and unpublished documents in the case. It shows better than many theoretic essays the fundamental disorganization of the Old Régime, and helps to explain away what still seems the miraculous explosion of the Revolution. François Vincent Toussaint's contemporary "Anecdotes curieuses de la cour de France sous le règne de Louis XV." were published expensively in their original text, with plates some years ago; they are now reprinted in a popular edition, with notes by Paul Fould. To the wise man—*verbum sap sapienti*—they offer further explanations of the downfall of all monarchy and nobility in France. "La Comtesse de Mirabeau (1752-1800)," written from unpublished documents, by Dauphin Meunier, has more solid interest from the overshadowing personality of the popular tribune whose life, private and public, was an enormous tragedy to her as well as to King and people. "François Buzot (1760-1794)," by Jacques Hérissay, tells also for the first time completely the tragic history of the Girondin lover of Madame Roland. Readers of Lamartine, who had more literature than documentary history, will be glad to rectify their acquaintance with truth, which is indeed more heart-rending than legend. Two industrious book compilers, A. Savine and Fr. Bournand, open the new "Collection historique illustrée" with a volume on "Le 9 Thermidor," from documents of archives and memoirs. It gives in popular form, and at first hand, an account of the fall of Robespierre and the end of the Terror, without passing over the women in the event. "La Police sécrète du Premier Empire," made up of the daily bulletins presented by Fouché to Napoleon during the years 1804-5, now appears in the light of day, edited by Ernest d'Hauterive.

The transition from universal revolution in government, laws, and manners, to its inevitable consequence in letters is marked in a very competent book by a young writer, whom previous works in literary history have accredited—"Charles Nodier et le groupe romantique," by Michel Salomon. When the boy Nodier begs the life of a lady from his revolutionary father, we see that guillotining also went by influence in the first days of universal suffrage; and with Victor Hugo and the rest of the grown man's company we see the genesis of the new literature. "Coleridge," by Joseph Aynard, covers the same period of history in the career of a man infinitely more important to English thought, and, through Englishmen, to the world. The book is one of those French university theses which turn into a masterful literary work. It is doubtful if any English writer has undertaken so complete and disinterested a view of the many-sided man who started flowing so many revolutionary streams in English literature and philosophy—and in theology most of all. M. Aynard considers him as a poet and as the first English *Romantique*; as a receptive thinker reflecting all the intellectual movements of the French Revolution and Empire; and as the initiator (under German influence) of religious evolution in England (and America) before the Oxford movement.

Taking a great leap forward in political history, we have another university thesis, which forms a substantial work of history in a field of more than technical interest,

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because it is connected with the whole European policy of France until the fall of the Second Empire, and is still hotly disputed—"Lamartine et la politique étrangère de la Révolution de Février (24 Février—24 Juin, 1848)," by Pierre Quentin-Bauchart. "'70-'71, Nouvelles feuilles de route" continues Paul Déroulède's recital of his experiences in the Franco-Prussian war, from his escape from the fortress prison at Breslau to his junction with the provisional government at Bordeaux. His burning patriotism has since led the author into many troubles with a republic which is not his kind, but it only lends to the poignant interest of his narrative and sheds light on history in the making, of which we have not yet the ultimate result.

A book of solely personal histories under many régimes is "Quelques figures de femmes aimantes ou malheureuses," by that pleasant writer Téodor de Wyzewa. He communicates to the reader the thrill of his stories of queens, *grandes dames et bourgeoises*, authors' wives and *femmes de lettres;* and, separately, he presents two whose lives were tragedies.

A final book in French history has for its subject one whom the mind easily projects from his own time into the future revolution of ideas. It is the second part of "Pascal et son temps," by Prof. Fortunat Strowski of Bordeaux. The importance of the work has already been noted; this volume deals with the history of Pascal himself. The same essential subject present through all the centuries, that which alone makes Pascal of any general interest nowadays, is treated in a far different epoch, didactically and as a sober historian, by the Abbé Duchesne in the second volume of his "Histoire ancienne de l'église." It covers the period from the coming of Diocletian to the death of Theodosius, a period which had been discussed notably by the older French historian, Albert de Broglie. The texts on which the history rests are here treated at first hand, as might be expected from a cleric whose reputation has been sufficient to place him and retain him at the head of the French Classical School of Rome under the Third Republic. His frank impartiality has not prevented the Roman *imprimatur*, even after the condemnation of "Modernism"; and it will surprise only those who do not know the essential position of the Papacy in history to read here that, in the fourth century, "there was not yet a direct power, an efficacious expression of Christian unity."

A last book, perhaps the most interesting for the general public, does not concern history directly, but, rather, the reasoning of one historian in particular. The historian is Taine, whose writings have done so much to wean Frenchmen from their indiscriminate admiration of their Revolution. The critic is Alphonse Aulard, whom the Radical Socialists of the Paris Municipal Council endowed with a chair of revolutionary history at the Sorbonne—for the perpetual refutation of Taine. As this has been practically the only course on French history open to strangers, wandering English and American students are heard to say that their Paris University lectures have taught them not the history of France, but that Taine was a wretched historian of France. M. Aulard is strong in documents; but the application of logic to history is something else, and it remains to be seen if M. Aulard's logic is the more authentic of the two. He does not accuse Taine of intentional misrepresentation, but of a constitutional and philosophical organization of intellect rendering him incapable of perceiving the true glories of French democracy in its guillotining age.

Frédéric Masson, the *enfant terrible* of Napoleonic documents, has noted during the past week a most curious lapse on the part of several generations of documentary historians with regard to the interpretation of a simple fact, whose meaning since it was official should have been easily ascertainable. Nearly fifty years after the event, Thiers wrote that Napoleon, at his coronation, deliberately snatched the crown from the hands of the surprised Pope and clapped it on his own head. This, under various forms, has been repeated without question down to the latest volume in the accredited history of France, edited by Professor Lavisse. M. Masson declares that the fact of Napoleon placing the crown on his own head and afterwards crowning Josephine with his own hand, had been arranged beforehand, in absolute agreement with the Pope and the master of ceremonies of the occasion. Padre Renieri has found the original protocol in the Vatican archives; and M. Masson has the French documents showing that the ceremony was intended on all sides to mean that the Emperor received the crown, not from the Pope, but from *dignitaires* representing the French people. M. Masson points out that for fifty years no one dreamed of Thiers's interpretation, which seems to have been founded on a suspicion of his own, due to imperfect acquaintance with the circumstances of the fact he was narrating. But M. Masson adds with a skepticism bred of long experience, "I have no hope of seeing future historical writers abandon Thiers's version!"

S. D.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

And now it is Earl Howe who is selling his Shakespeares. His set of the four folios and a large collection of quartos, some of extreme rarity, is to be sold by Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge, London, December 21. The twenty-eight genuine quartos include "Hamlet," 1604, second edition, only three copies known; "Hamlet," 1611; "Henry IV.," 1613; "Henry V.," 1608; "Richard, Duke of Yorke" (Henry IV., part iii.), 1600; "King Lear," 1608; "Richard II.," 1598; "Richard III.," 1597, only two perfect copies known; "Merchant of Venice," J. Roberts, 1600; "Merry Wives of Windsor," 1619; "Midsummer Night's Dream," James Roberts, 1600; "Pericles," 1609; "Romeo and Juliet," 1599; and "Titus Andronicus," 1611. The earl's first folio is perfect, that is, no leaves are lacking; but the leaf of verses and title are backed, some margins of several leaves are mended, and some few letters of print are injured. In size it is large, measuring 13 by 8¼ inches. It was No. 22 of Lee's "Census." In Sotheby's sale of December 12 to 14 was a copy of Mrs. Browning's first book, "The Battle of Marathon," published by her father, in an edition of fifty copies, when the author was thirteen years old. This brings the list of known copies to seven, of which five are in the United States. Sotheby's catalogue says that only one copy has ever been sold at auction and refers to C. B. Foote's copy (now Mr. White's), which brought $330 in 1895. There are, however, two other records of sale. William Harris Arnold's copy (presented by the author to S. M. Barrett) brought $425, May, 1901; and A. J. Morgan's, $410, April, 1902. The other two copies in America were both presented. One, given by the author to Miss Trepsack, the old family nurse, known in the Barrett family as "Treppy," belongs to F. R. Halsey; and the Rowfant copy, which contains an inscription, from which the name of the recipient has been partly erased, is owned by J. A. Spoor of Chicago.

The fine Dormer-Hunter copy of the First Folio (No. 13 of Lee's list), has again changed hands, and is now offered, with the Second, Third, and Fourth Folios, by Dodd, Mead & Co. They have printed a pamphlet describing the set; and in it they endeavor to locate known perfect copies, "perfect" being used as by Lee to mean only that no leaves are lacking. They trace twenty in this country, of which five are in public libraries and fifteen in private hands. To this list at least one more can be added, making sixteen in private hands in America. F. K. Trowbridge of New York has a perfect copy, which he secured from J. Pearson & Co. of London, through George H. Richmond, about 1902. This was Lee's No. 147, and measures 12 3-16 by 7⅞ inches. Mr. Trowbridge also owns two perfect copies of the Second Folio (one with the rare Smethwick imprint), and fine copies of the Third and Fourth Folios, as well as several early quartos.

On December 16 and 17, the Anderson Auction Company sells a collection which is in part selections from the library of H. M. Schroeter of Los Angeles, Cal. There are no less than fifty editions of Omar Khayyám, also a number of publications of the Grolier Club, items of Americana, and first editions of Emerson and Bret Harte.

The collection of autographs and manuscripts formed by George M. Williamson of Grand View-on-Hudson, was dispersed by the Anderson Auction Co. of this city, in March, 1904. The same firm will sell his library of first editions in February next. Among books by American authors, the Hawthornes have probably been his greatest pride. The list includes "Fanshawe," 1828, Hawthorne's first book; "Peter Parley's Universal History," 1837, issued anonymously; "The Gentle Boy," 1839; "Grandfather's Chair," "Famous Old People," and "The Liberty Tree," all 1841; and "The Celestial Railroad," 1843; as well as the more common books. The Lowell items include the "Class Poem," 1838; "A Year's Life," 1841; "Conversations on Some of the Old Poets," 1845; and the rarer and more valuable "Commemoration Ode," 1865, the copy given by Lowell to Bigelow, the printer. The Holmes and Longfellow collections are extensive and include presentation copies. There are few Bryant or Whittier items, but among books of the former author is the copy of "The Fountain" which Bryant gave to Charles Dickens; and among those by the latter is the rare "Mogg Megone," 1836. Of books by English authors the Dickens collection is most notable, containing one of the finest sets of "Pickwick Papers" in parts, which

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has ever been offered for sale: and the "Sketches by Boz," the first one-volume edition, 1839, also in parts. The George Eliot and Brontë collections are practically complete, the Brontë "Poems" of 1846 being the rare first issue, with the imprint of Aylott & Jones. Another author in whom Mr. Williamson was especially interested is Lewis Carroll, of whose writings there are more than fifty items. A number of unusual and little-known leaflets, some with autograph annotations, were secured from the author's own library when it was sold after his death. The valuable item is, of course, the "Alice in Wonderland," the genuine first edition, with title-page dated 1865. The story that owing to the poor impressions of the illustrations, the entire edition was withdrawn from sale and distributed among London hospitals has probably no foundation in fact. What actually happened was that the first edition was purchased for the American market by D. Appleton & Co., who cut out the original 1865 English title-page and pasted on its stub a New York title-page with their name and the date 1866. The type was at once newly set for a second English edition, dated 1866, copies of which are bought and sold as the first edition. Mr. Williamson's copy, the author's own, is one of five or six known with the original title of 1865.

Correspondence.

THE ELECTIVE SYSTEM.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Now that the elective system, however modified from its early excess, seems likely to be an actuality for many decades to come, it enters the category of those things with which one must reckon as facts, must somehow get along with. It has not, of course, established itself beside such fundamentals as the need of discipline and the like; but at its worst and weakest it stands as the temporarily accepted system. Men are prone to make the best of the inevitable, and it is the part of philosophy to seek for comfort even in the direst straits. The present outlook is far from dire, and a good deal of comfort, of one kind and another, can be extracted from it. One of the most scornful cries of those who clung to the old required curriculum was that choice was being placed in the hands of callow and frivolous youth, whereas it belonged, as of right, to experience and age. We are now in a position to ask whether there are not certain present or prospective beneficial results from the according of such choice; in other words, whether the exercise of choice does not present other aspects than, on the one hand, an added freedom for the pursuit of congenial or practical aims, and on the other, a laughable or demoralizing evasion of knowledge. Such freedom is naturally abused at first, and, perhaps, rather widely; and, by very reason of its newness and strangeness, it is, though in good faith, used unwisely. The power of choosing needs education, like any other. It is said that the student is incapable of choosing for himself—but a reasonable reply would be, that he has not yet had the chance to demonstrate either ability or disability.

If results are not yet apparent, however, after some years of the system, they should be at least defining themselves, albeit, perhaps, uncertainly. Convincing demonstration is, of course, impossible at present, for the whole matter is as yet mainly one of opinion and assertion, rather than of proof. But among observers, it is the opinion of a respectable minority that the exercise of freedom on the part of the student has been beneficial to himself and also to the teaching body. It is believed that the student is attracted by courses which have worth, although it is freely admitted that, like the rest of untutored and much of educated humanity, he naturally moves in the line of least resistance, until the value of other lines is demonstrated to him to be worth the extra effort. Again, it is thought that no small portion of the advancement in efficiency on the part of collegiate instruction, is referable to the bracing effects of a legitimate competition.

The conviction that students are not content with what is of no value is based upon the observation that they do not, as a rule, flock into easy courses when these are also dull or useless. They at least persuade themselves that, as they say, they "are getting something for their money"—any other view would be self-stultification in even the student mind. What few there are, and however conspicuous these may be, who select courses purely for their easiness, would possibly have been forced to get more under the old prescribed system; but the aim and trend of education should not be plotted in terms of such ordinates. Again, it should be borne in mind that there are other qualities about a course, and the man who gives it, than so many lines or propositions per diem, and so much police duty done. What is difficult, because obscure and whimsical, in the hands of one man, may be called easy in those of another. One famous professor used to get his students highly worked up over the shilling of the Massachusetts Bay Colony, its assay and its vicissitudes. The best teacher will not be the easiest, perhaps, but he will tend to appear easier than a less competent one, because he will enlist more—and more kinds of—curiosity and mental activity. The same thing applies to subjects: the subject that students want to hear and know about, which seizes their imagination or otherwise stimulates them, will appear easier than one which, though actually less difficult, is dry, repellent, and unhuman. Again, the time at which a subject is taken up, and its newness, may determine its popularity. Greek begun at eighteen or twenty might appeal to many to whose youthful and short-seeing minds the paradigms alone have appeared typical of the whole; even *hoti* might be tolerated if it did not occupy the whole perspective. Men who have done poorly upon subjects begun too early and robbed of their vitality, not infrequently do well upon new ones, where they are no longer under such a handicap. The work of some students, up to that time mediocre or poor, has presented a remarkable metamorphosis in senior year. Under the elective system it appears that the student is not so eager to shirk as he was in the past, though, of course, some of this difference may be due to betterment of instruction all along the line; older professors and persons whose duties have compelled observation of such matters are practically unanimous in the assertion that more and better work is being done now than ever before. In short, the elective system has not produced any evident degeneration in the student, and at the same time his power of choice seems to have received some education.

But there is another aspect of the elective system that deserves the attention of him who desiderates the old: its results in the strengthening of the college curriculum. It goes without saying that many things of the highest value can be studied in the college with an elective system which could find no place among the vested and bequeathed interests of the institution with a prescribed course. And inside the individual college or university, as well as between colleges and universities, a competition between courses and departments must take place. Such competition for numbers has been often decried, and justly so; but there is another side. Formerly a course, however dead and dry, had to be taken, together with its instructor, however aptly the latter might match the course. There was no competition, but isolation (to use evolutionary terminology), and so no selection or survival of the fitter. Now, however, selection takes place and there ensues, as it were, a certain mortality of the unfit, of both men and courses, together with adaptability and modification to a changed environment. But this means viability and progress. The course is no longer the same yesterday, to-day, and forever, nor is the instructor; both must adapt to changing conditions to survive, or they are eliminated in the competitions of disciplines and departments. Teachers and courses that were imposed upon the curriculum even a dozen years ago would not be tolerated to-day. Better and better instruction must needs be provided; closer scrutiny is imperative. The "snap-course" is not, after all, a thing which a student ought to be so righteously blamed for finding, but one which the faculty should be censured for tolerating. If the elective system can secure in any degree the selection of the fit academic personnel and the elimination of the unfit, it has already provided a good excuse for existence; and its service will be the greater if the system enforces the need of the educated educator (for whom a plea has recently appeared in your columns) as against the prevalent fetich of what is too often the narrow, or indiscriminate and trivial "researcher."

The several ramifications of this topic might be rather indefinitely developed. It is not meant to say that student judgment, unguided and uncorrected, is to be implicitly relied upon—even though those who most decry it are not seldom fain to make the advancement of younger colleagues depend upon it in default of a better (or handier) criterion. But it is fair to say that, taken as a whole, the present tendency of things seems to be justifying itself quite as well as the old, though perhaps in a different way. In any case, there is the usual chance for the apologist in behalf of things as they are.

A. G. Keller.

Yale University.

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THE LEIPZIG HISTORICAL INSTITUTION

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The historical seminaries of the University of Leipzig have for many years been regarded as the best in Germany. This has been an incentive to improve them still further; and during the course of the year 1908 an Historical Institution is to be formed which will raise them beyond all emulation. This Institution is to contain four seminaries; that is, one for ancient history, one for mediæval history and secondary science, one for modern history, and one for culture and universal history. To these seminaries will be added, on completion, another for historical geography and history of Saxony.

Of the above seminaries the one for culture and universal history is to be founded at a cost of $65,000. It is to have a building to itself, the floor space of which covers upwards of 700 square yards, and contains seating accommodation for 150 persons. This seminary will treat, in the first place, German culture history; but four-fifths will be set apart for the culture and history of other nations. It goes without saying that in this seminary the closest attention will be paid to the culture and history of the United States of America.

The library for this branch will be furnished as no other in any seminary on the continent. The American student will rejoice to find here the great publications of his country, as, for example, large collections of public documents. Hand in hand with the cultivation of scientific work in connection with American history will go the delivery of lectures (which have already been given during some years past) suitable for a general audience; and in order to introduce the greater public to the intimate side of American history, semi-official lectures will be added to the ordinary. In these I shall speak of my personal experiences in America. By means of stereopticon illustrations I shall try to explain those matters important to the European understanding, such as the settlements, life in the cities and towns of the East, Middle States, and West, the physiological evolution of European nationalities, etc. These lectures will also be illustrated by about 100 picture-albums of the most important cities and features of the country. Added to this I shall give to my students different American, especially German-American, journals, which will be divided among them in order to give them an opportunity to increase their intuitive powers by personal information through the press.

In my opinion these institutions, so far as I can tell, are the best to acquaint the young German with the inner life of America of the present day; because one must commence by establishing independent opinion, although the explaining word of the teacher will lead at once to a deeper insight into the life of foreign peoples. I think that for the earnest study of American culture and universal history the new Seminary of Leipzig will be better provided than any other on the European continent.

To this end I spoke at the Congress of German Philologists and Teachers, held last autumn at Basle, and laid before it a small portion of the instruction-material of Leipzig. In reporting this meeting Mr. Neil C. Brooks gave considerable attention to our project in a letter in your issue of October 17.

Karl Lamprecht.

Leipzig, December 1.

GERMAN CULTURE IN AMERICA.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The *Nation* of November 14 contained a review of Prof. Karl Knortz's book "Deutsch in Amerika." Knortz's book addresses—as the reviewer points out—Germans, but also, as soon becomes evident, German-Americans, whom the author wishes to stir up to greater activity in fostering and preserving their native language and culture. He therefore justly emphasizes the negative side of the picture. A more encouraging view may be deduced from contemplation of the aims of a small but growing proportion of German-Americans.

These German-Americans, rather than insist upon the differences between the German and the American points of view, would seek to contribute to American culture—as yet so plastic—certain elements of German culture which they by training and traditions are especially apt to appreciate. For this reason—and not in order to create and preserve a State within a State—they foster their native traditions within their homes. Because of this attitude also, they do not look to the immigrant as the sole hope of the preservation of the German inheritance, but to the children of Germans, and also to those of Americans. These children—who are all to grow up as Americans—are, it is hoped, to grow up with a prejudice in favor of things German, with a just understanding of Germany's contribution to the world's wealth of thought and art. German culture of the eighteenth century—Goethe, Schiller, Kant—has, through the efforts of men like Carlyle, Matthew Arnold, Bayard Taylor, and the Concord School of Philosophers, been to some degree interpreted. What is still entirely wanting is anything approaching a just appreciation of important phases of the literary culture of Germany in the nineteenth century. No nation has in the nineteenth century done more original work than has Germany in the drama (Kleist, Hebbel, Grillparzer, Wagner) or in the short-story (Kleist, Hoffmann, Storm, Keller, Meyer). To interpret the spirit of so characteristic a literature the German-American is peculiarly well fitted.

The gloomy picture which Knortz paints of the decay of German in the Litteratur and Turnvereine and in the German church communities, is, in part at least, offset by the growing consciousness of power which, during the last decade, has spread from the Fatherland to the Germans on this side of the ocean. Great centres of German population, like New York and Chicago, have given proof of this enthusiasm by inviting lecturers from Germany, by cultivating the national drama, and by public recognition of prominent German-Americans like Carl Schurz. That some excellent elements of German intellectuality flourish in America is furthermore proved by the existence of a German-American literature of no mean calibre. This literature is vigorous to-day, as the work of men like Martin Drescher and George Sylvester Viereck amply proves. Thus even the most severe critic must grant that not all German-Americans have become submerged in the slough of materialism.

American culture of the future, we all hope, will be many-sided beyond all others. It is the aim of these German-Americans to enrich it by the introduction of those phases of German civilization which have so far been overlooked by English criticism.

Camillo von Klenze.

Brown University, Providence, R. I., December 9.

A SUGGESTION FOR RESERVE BANKS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Apropos of the suggestion of a central bank, in the hope that it might safeguard us from a recurrence of the embarrassments through which we are now passing, it might be worth pointing out that the existing system may be remodelled so as to accomplish the same purpose. The central bank in Europe, like the Bank of England or the Bank of France, is the custodian of the reserve of cash for the other bankers. This function is performed with us by what are known as reserve banks placed in the larger cities. Our banking practice differs so widely from the European, that while the Bank of England or the Bank of France carries a reserve seldom less than 35 per cent., and sometimes exceeding 45 per cent., our reserve banks rarely carry a reserve greater than the 25 per cent. exacted by the statute. Thus our reserve banks enjoy the privilege of the Bank of England or the Bank of France in this matter, but do not carry the burden. If it had been a condition of designation as a reserve bank that the given bank should carry a reserve, not of 25 per cent., but of, say, 40 per cent., the banks in New York, Chicago, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Cincinnati, New Orleans, and the other reserve cities would have been far better prepared to meet the withdrawals that their correspondents have so promptly made upon them. There should be no hardship in this, for no bank need apply to be designated as a reserve bank. And if the reserve bank were required to maintain the larger reserve, we might see less of the competition among the banks in the large cities for gaining deposits at unduly high rates of interest.

W. F. J.

Cincinnati, December 9.

Notes.

The twelfth and concluding volume of Temple Scott's edition of Swift's Works will appear shortly in the Bohn Library. This is to be followed by an edition of Swift's correspondence under the editorship of C. Litton Falkiner. The edition is to be made as complete as possible, and Mr. Falkiner asks those who possess letters to or from Swift to communicate with him at Mount Mapas, Killiney, County Dublin.

Tennyson's works in nine volumes, with his own notes supplemented by those of his son, are to be added immediately to the Eversley Series of the Macmillan Co.

Records of the Past hereafter will be published as a bi-monthly, the issues being larger than the present monthly numbers.

The Bobbs-Merrill Co. publish in holiday

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form a characteristic poem of James Whitcomb Riley's called "The Boys of the Old Glee Club." The illustrations are by Will Vawter.

The Oxford University Press has added to its tasteful volumes of the poets an edition of William Collins. A Memoir is contributed by the editor, Christopher Stone, and five letters of Collins's are added in an appendix.

To the Clarendon Press reprints has been added a volume of the "Minor Poems of Michael Drayton," chosen and edited by Cyril Brett. The very bulk of Drayton's work is alarming to the general reader and such a selection as this is altogether desirable. In his choice Mr. Brett seems to us for the most part judicious, but it may, perhaps, be regretted that he did not omit part of "The Muses Elizium" in order to make room for passages from the more interesting books of the "Polyolbion." We quite agree with his characterization of that much-abused poem, when he says:

> Drayton's own voluminousness has defeated his purpose, and sunk his poem by its own bulk. Though it is difficult to go so far as Mr. Bullen, and say that the only thing better than a stroll in the "Polyolbion" is one in a Sussex lane, it is still harder to agree with Canon Beeching, that "there are few beauties on the road;" the beauties are many, though of a quietly rural type, and the road, if long and winding, is of good surface, while its cranks constitute much of its charm. It is doubtless, from the outside, an appalling poem in these days of epitomes and monographs, but it certainly deserves to be rescued from oblivion and read.

Even a good half of the Sonnets might be given up for a taste of that rhymed topography. Mr. Brett, by the way, points to the fact that Professor Courthope in his "History of English Poetry," wishing to refer Drayton's great sonnet to his patroness, the Countess of Bedford, and so to make the poet out a Pope in petty spite, twice quotes "rise" for "kiss" in the line:

> Since there's no help, come let us kiss and part.

To the charming series of novels illustrated by Hugh Thomson the Macmillan Company has added "Silas Marner." Some of the pictures are line drawings; others are in color, but the colors are flat and have not the blotchy look so common to illustrations of the kind. As always with his work, these pictures of Mr. Thomson's are a real interpretation of the text and add measurably to the pleasure of reading.

In the "Stories from the Arabian Nights," with drawings by Edmund Dulac (imported by Scribner's), Lawrence Housman has taken a half-dozen of the best tales, and from the various authoritative translations has made a version in which the repetitions and indecencies are suppressed and the points of the narrative thrown into relief. He has, in a word, tried to get a result similar to that attained by Galland, in the old French translation, which so long stood as the basis of our English "Arabian Nights," until displaced by an irruption of pedantic Orientalists. It is a simple fact that our taste is far removed from that of the East, and that only by manipulation can these Eastern tales be made palatable to us. Mr. Dulac's illustrations—fifty of them in color, bound together at the end of the volume—are evidently in the school of Mr. Rackham. They are fluent, and on occasion beautiful; some will feel, perhaps, that he has indulged too freely in humor, and has over-emphasized the grotesque element of the stories. The press work is notably good, and this and "The Ingoldsby Legends," illustrated by Mr. Rackham, afford about the handsomest gift books of the season.

There is just a sufficient touch of the paradoxical in Ellen Burns Sherman's "Words to the Wise and Others" (Holt & Co.) to render the essays piquant reading. Nor is satire wanting, as may be seen in her cruel onslaught upon critics and reviewers in the essay called "When Steel Strikes Punk." Perhaps the most interesting chapter of the book is that containing a number of letters—the genuine correspondence of some unnamed genius—which are given to disprove the common saying: "Letter-writing has become a lost art." We can recommend the book as cheerful and dashing and fairly amusing.

Not long ago Margaret E. Noble ("Sister Nivedita") gave us in "The Web of Indian Life" one of the subtlest interpretations of that land of mystery to be found in the English language. Now, in her "Cradle Tales of Hinduism" (Longmans, Green & Co.), she has gathered a number of stories from the Puranas and the two great epics of India, and turned them into delightful English. Those who are familiar with the "Savitri"—to take the most beautiful of all Hindu stories—in the vulgarized version of Sir Edwin Arnold, will be surprised at its charm in Sister Nivedita's simple prose rendering. She calls her volume "Cradle Tales," but it is not a book for children primarily; it will interest all lovers of the magic and the human.

In "The Congo and Coasts of Africa" (Charles Scribner's Sons), Richard Harding Davis has made no noticeable contribution to our knowledge of a question on which issue has been joined so sharply. Partisanship in the discussion of the problem of the Congo we are accustomed to expect, but the present volume undertakes to adjudicate disputed matters with a cocksure lightheartedness that would be irritating if it were not so amusing. Even as journalism, the book is slovenly. King Leopold, we are told "humbly sought their [the Powers'] permission to levy a few taxes. To clear roads, to keep boats upon the great rivers, to mark it with buoys, to maintain wood stations for the steamers, to improve the 'moral and material welfare of the natives,' would cost money, and to allow Leopold to bring about these improvements, which would be for the good of all, he was permitted to levy the few taxes. That was twenty years ago; *to-day I saw none of these improvements* and the taxes have increased." Whereupon Mr. Davis proceeds to describe his journey up rivers, marked with buoys, on steamers fed from wood stations which he minutely describes. Perhaps these improvements were there when Stanley first came to the Congo. On another very vital point Mr. Davis tells us:

> I am not going to enter the question of the atrocities. . . . I did not see them. Neither, last year, did a great many people see the massacre of blacks in Atlanta. But they have reason to believe it occurred.

But to see things was just why Mr. Davis went to Africa. Second and third-hand testimony we have had in plenty.

"Scenes from Every Land" is a collection of two hundred and fifty of the illustrations which have appeared in the *National Geographic Magazine*. They picture in an interesting and often striking way the people, natural phenomena, and animal life in all parts of the world. The editor, G. H. Grosvenor, has added a map showing the principal transportation lines, both by land and sea, and a bibliography of gazetteers, atlases, and books descriptive of foreign countries and natural history. The book will give much pleasure, as well as instruction, to many stay-at-homes.

Reports from the Philippines are hard to reconcile, for no two observers seem to see any single condition at the same angle. The latest version of affairs there is Hamilton M. Wright's "Handbook of the Philippines" (Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Company), from which we are to infer that the climate is ideal, the natives paragons, the friars saints, and the islands an overflowing reservoir of material prosperity waiting to be tapped. For the intelligent reader who can apply corrections, many valuable facts are conveniently set forth; but the white man who does not know the tropics and the Malay should be cautious in accepting all the statements at their face value. The most immediately useful chapter is that on commerce, which might well be reprinted for circulation among our manufacturers. The recognized fly in the ointment is the oppressive tariff. Notwithstanding its bias, the book, with its three maps, a hundred and fifty illustrations, and a convenient bibliography, represents work on the spot and may be used for reference within the limitations suggested.

The material for the vivacious, good-natured sketches of unfamiliar places and people which make up "A Woman's Journey in the Philippines" (Boston: L. C. Page & Company) Mrs. Florence K. Russel acquired on the cable-laying cruise of a military vessel in the winter of 1900-1. The book, profusely illustrated from photographs, does much credit to the feminine observation of the cheery voyager and to her vocabulary; and it should render excellent service as a basis for comparison when our benevolent assimilation shall have changed the tropical environment and have transformed the ethnic peculiarities of the Malayan temperament.

In "From Sail to Steam" (Harper & Brothers), Capt. Mahan has ventured into a new field of letters, and has given us a most agreeably rambling account of his own varied experiences since entering the service which he has so greatly adorned. Sailor yarns abound, wedged in between historical illustrations, strategical maxims, and personal recollections. The period he writes of is the most important in the whole art of naval warfare, virtually a revolution. "From Sail to Steam" is but half of the whole transition. The seeker after wisdom will find his reward in tracing the progress of this revolution, even though the steps be revealed casually and incidentally. It has been difficult for the author to avoid the didactic and to lead the simple life in style, but whenever he loses himself in story or reminiscence, we are forced to wish that he had essayed the lighter vein earlier in his career. Particularly interesting is his description of

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how "the influence of sea power" first attracted his attention. Some of his political views seem to need revision, such as, for example, his approval of our occupation of the Philippines. It is possible that complete enjoyment of the book necessitates a certain familiarity with naval matters and customs, but this is a fault, if it be a fault, common to all writings on special departments of human activity. We must go abroad to see lariats and lock-strings; but the latter only add spice to a book in which many a son will revel at Christmas time whenever the father can be coaxed to surrender it himself.

"A Sea Dog of Devon," a life of Sir John Hawkins, by R. A. J. Walling, with Introduction by Lord Brassey and John Leyland (The John Lane Co.), is an attempt to make a popular hero out of Hawkins. The writer dresses up his text and ekes out his material by drawing freely on his imagination. He imitates Carlyle's style. The book will interest that unknown quantity called the general reader, if he be not very exacting in his tastes. Sir Clements Markham, in his admirable introduction to Hawkins's Voyages, printed by the Hakluyt Society (somewhere about thirty years ago), has told all that is known about Sir John. The present volume is not nearly so well written as Markham's sketch. Yet the subject matter of the narrative is interesting, and those who would while away an hour or two—on a railroad train, for instance—may find this well-printed volume to their taste. One point more: What does Mr. Walling mean (at page 89), when he says, speaking of a voyage along the coast, as far as the French colony at the River May (in Florida), "Another visible result of this voyage is the name of Hawkins County on the map of Tennessee"? Since not a word is said in explanation, one may well wonder what is the connection.

Col. Thomas Wentworth Higginson has published through Houghton, Mifflin & Co. "The Life and Times of Stephen Higginson, Member of the Continental Congress (1783) and Author of the 'Laco' Letters Relating to John Hancock (1789)." Among the descendants of the twenty thousand Puritan Englishmen who, according to J. G. Palfrey, came over between 1620 and 1640, a stock constituting the New England of history, scarcely a family can be named which in every generation has been so distinguished, and which at the present moment is so conspicuously in the foreground, as the Higginsons. The line can be traced back through ten generations to the widow Joane Higginson of Warwickshire, notably a benefactor in her time, whose grandson was the Rev. Francis Higginson, first minister of Salem, one of the most amiable and interesting of early New England worthies. His affecting farewell to old England, from the deck of his ship off Land's End, will always be remembered, and the cheerful optimism of his diary makes it one of the pleasantest of our early documents. In his son John, long-lived and to the last useful, the name is carried on worthily into the eighteenth century, to be continued there by worthy successors. Nor did the fine force of the family abate in the nineteenth century, or in the twentieth so far. Rear-Admiral Frank J. Higginson, Major Henry Lee Higginson, and Col. Thomas Wentworth Higginson continue to illustrate the name in widely different spheres of activity, by service of the best. In a chain so honorable each link is worth looking at, but the subject of this memoir, even if he were without good forebears and good descendants, had merits in himself entitling him to special attention. Col. Higginson well asserts his grandfather's right to a biography. As an enterprising young sea captain he was interrogated by Edmund Burke, for the House of Commons, as to pre-revolutionary discontents in America; in our "critical period" he was a member of Congress; in the Shays rebellion he was second in command in the strenuous if not sanguinary winter campaign in behalf of law and order; he was "the first to argue from that peril the need of a stronger government—the first to suggest that the voices of nine out of the thirteen States could make the confederacy into a nation—the first to organize and equip the American navy under Jefferson's administration." The man of whom these things can be said should have a good place on the American honor list. This book makes it plain that Stephen Higginson served his generation effectively also in less conspicuous ways. As author of the "Laco" letters, he laid bare, keenly and courageously, shortcoming in high places; though a zealous Federalist, he could be genial amidst the acrimonious controversy. His State, his city, had always his watchful care. Active as he was in the rather obscure period between the Revolution and the vast agitations which, about the third decade of the nineteenth century, began to rack the Union, the details of his life are illuminating as regards a time which we ought to know better. Col. Higginson, while venerating his ancestor, writes always with restraint and good taste, and, of course, out of full knowledge of his subject's environment.

If there are any American buildings which deserve to be the subject of two-volume histories, the President's House at Washington is one of them. It has been the centre of such official society as this country has developed, and next to the Capitol the centre of its political life. In its one hundred-odd years of life it has seen two-thirds as many changes of occupancy, when one head of the State succeeded another, as Windsor Castle has in eight hundred-odd. Nearly every distinguished foreign visitor to this country has been entertained there, and a goodly share of them have put down somewhere a record of Presidential hospitality. Memoirs of famous Americans are full of allusions to the old house, while Washington abounds with its traditions. All this has furnished abundant material for the two volumes of Esther Singleton's "Story of the White House" (The McClure Co.). Odd bits of information may be found throughout her work. Thus, she finds the name "White House" used first in January, 1834, during Jackson's term, by a journalist who puts it in the same quotation marks which he uses for "Kitchen Cabinet." Roosevelt gave the colloquial name official sanction. Van Buren was the first President who had policemen to regulate the crowd at his receptions, though Dickens and others had commented on the orderly behavior of the undisciplined crowds of an earlier day.

To those looking for a religious book as a gift, we can recommend a beautifully printed edition of "The Imitation of Christ," published by E. P. Dutton & Co. The colored initials have the effect of hand painting, and the whole book is comely without being gaudy.

An example of the industry and thoroughness of German Catholic scholars appears in the first volume of the "Kirchliches Handlexicon," edited by Prof. Michael Buchberger of the Lyceum at Regensburg (München: Allegemeine Verlags-Gesellschaft). The work is designed for ready reference, the first volume consisting of 12,000 concise articles on all manner of subjects related to theology and ecclesiology. Social science, Christian art, Church music, sacred geography, ecclesiastical statistics, biography, and hagiography are among the general themes which are carefully treated. Special attention is paid to bibliographical references to recent literature of all schools. Scholars to the number of 170 appear in the list of contributors, and the authorship of each article is indicated by initials. In editorship Professor Buchberger was assisted by Profs. Karl Hilgenreiner, Joseph Schlecht, and Johannes B. Nisius, S.J. As a practical reference work this lexicon does not compare unfavorably with the "Catholic Encyclopædia" now appearing in America.

Dr. Mark Lidzbarski of the University of Kiel has begun the publication of a collection of old Semitic texts, in Hebrew transcription, where necessary, which is to furnish the non-specialist with practically all the material for study which a *corpus inscriptionum semiticarum* would give. The first *Heft*, 64 pages, is entitled "Altsemitische Texte: herausgegeben und erklärt, I; Kanaanäische Inschriften (Moabitisch, Althebräisch, Phönizisch, Punisch)." Giessen: A. Töpelmann, 2 marks. The prospectus shows that further instalments are to cover practically all of the Semitic dialects. This first pamphlet includes the Mesha stone, the Siloah inscription, Eshmunazar, and less important inscriptions as also some sacrificial tablets.

The second edition of the "Hebräische Archæologie," by Dr. I. Benzinger, which, since its original publication in 1894, has been a great authority in its field, is to all intents and purposes a new work. While the former edition was largely under the spell of Wellhausen, the present work, on the basis of the best of modern "Panbabylonism," systematically arranges the wealth of data, old and new, to explain the antiquities of the Hebrews in their relation to the whole civilization of Western Asia, particularly of Babylonia. Benzinger is particularly qualified for this work, having for years been engaged in archæological investigations in Bible lands with headquarters in Jerusalem. A feature of this work is the 253 illustrations and the plan of Jerusalem. The book is not too technical to interest others than the specialist. It is part of the well-known series, Grundriss der theologischen Wissenschaften, published by Mohr of Tübingen; price 10 marks.

A collection of essays on educational subjects, from the pens of leading teachers in Germany, has been published in two volumes under the title "Deutsche Schulerziehung," by Prof. Wilhelm Rein, of the University of

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Jena. (Munich: J. F. Lehmann). The contributors, about thirty in number, although dealing primarily with German school problems, practically cover the whole educational field as far as the discussion of principles is concerned. The educational methods of foreign nations are separately considered, the account of the American system being furnished by Director Griebsch.

It is reported in the German press that Herr Bebel, Socialist leader in the Reichstag, is writing his memoirs, to be published posthumously.

K.-A. Forslund's latest book, a small collection of "Skogssagor och Jurskisser," sketches of animals and of outdoor life, has an undercurrent of that scientific, not to say naturalistic, view of life that has received perhaps its most famous modern expression in Turgenieff's "Nature." The last sketch is a dream of how Sweden becomes a republic, (Stockholm: Wahlström & Widstrand.)

"Symra, En Aarbog for Norske paa begge Sider af Havet" (A Yearbook for Norwegians on Both Sides of the Ocean), published at Decorah, Ia., deserves to be more widely known. It is edited by Kristian Prestgard and Joh. B. Wist, the latter of whom is Norwegian consul for Iowa. The present volume, just issued, is No. III., the first having been issued in 1905. The contents, contributed by writers in Norway and this country, are devoted largely to Norwegian literature, politics, and history. Of special interest are the article on Wergeland and Welhaven by Johan Herzberg and another by J. Lövland, who was recently appointed Prime Minister of Norway upon the retirement of Chr. Michelson. Mr. Lövland gives a sketch of "Steen and Boström" (with the sub-title "Reminiscences from the Period of Union"). Coming as it does from one who for many years was intimately and actively associated with Norwegian politics and who had a large share in the events which led up to the separation of Norway and Sweden, this characterization of two of the principal figures in the later years of the dual monarchy is of unusual value. This volume contains also an article by the Norwegian historian, Halvdan Koht. Something over a year ago there was organized in Norway a Nordmandsforbund (Norwegian Union), the object of which is to bring Norsemen in all parts of the world into a closer intellectual union. In connection with this it may be noted that to-day fully one-third of the race are residents of the United States. Of this Norwegian union "Symra" will in a measure be the unofficial American organ.

In fulfilment of the plans for more aggressive work, announced by the director of the State Library at the recent meeting of the New York Library Association, two new officers have been created by the State Education Department, "library organizers." Their function will be "to work in the field throughout the State, encouraging the establishment of new libraries, invigorating and helping to reorganize dormant libraries, advertising and placing travelling libraries, and generally stimulating library development and the reading habit, especially among the villages, hamlets, and rural communities of the State." The beginning of this work is partly due to recommendations made at the meeting of the State Library Association a year ago, but more directly to the special investigation carried on last year by the commissioner of education, convincing him that in spite of liberal appropriations made by the State, library conditions, particularly in the more sparsely settled sections, are by no means "as satisfactory as may be desired."

The special committee of the Indiana Library Association appointed last year to investigate salaries in that State has presented an exhaustive report, covering not only this particular question, but library incomes, tax support, ratio of expenditures for different purposes, and some comparative statistics as to salaries paid in other callings. The report shows that the average monthly salary of librarians having some college or normal school education is $54; for those without such education, $44; for those who have been trained in library schools, $56. In Indiana the average salaries of librarians are less than those of bakers, book-binders, stone-cutters, and type-setters. As modifying the significance of these figures, however, it is to be borne in mind that the great majority of librarians are women and girls, while the majority of those engaged in these other occupations are men; and also that all the members of a library's staff are listed as librarians, though the duties of a majority of them are largely mechanical and call for no more training than does an ordinary trade. Thus the average is but a slight indication of what those who are librarians in the true sense of that term are receiving. Whatever the effect of low salaries, the development of libraries in the State has not seriously suffered. The report of Chalmers Hadley, secretary of the Indiana Library Commission, shows the following advances since 1899, when the Library Commission was established. At that date the number of public libraries in the State was 57; to-day the number is 115, which with the 175 institutional libraries makes a total of 290 public or semi-public libraries. In 1899 there were but 7 public libraries in specially erected buildings; to-day there are 65 public library buildings, with half a dozen more in course of erection. In 1899 there was but one Indiana librarian who had attended an accredited library school; at present there are 32 graduates of such schools, and 120 others who have had training in summer schools.

Emile Berliner of Washington, one of the perfecters of the telephone and the inventor of the gramophone, has given $12,500 as endowment of a research fellowship for women, the subjects to be limited to physics, chemistry, and biology. The foundation, which is in honor of the donor's mother, will be known as the Sarah Berliner Research Fellowship for Women. The award will be made by a committee of women, of which Mrs. Christine Ladd Franklin of Baltimore is to be the chairman. Most fellowships now accessible to women are given to recent graduates of colleges, to enable them to proceed towards the degree of doctor of philosophy. The object of this endowment is to give to women who have shown, in work already accomplished, real promise as investigators an opportunity to pursue special scientific researches.

Edward Hicks Magill, formerly president of Swarthmore College, died in this city December 10. He was born in Solebury, Bucks County, Pa., in 1825, and his first experience as a teacher came at the age of sixteen, when in his father's loft he instructed the boys and girls at three cents a day each in the old-fashioned lessons of the period. After graduation from Brown in 1852 he taught in the Providence High School and the Boston Latin School. In 1867 he went abroad and spent two years in travel, returning to join the faculty of Swarthmore College, of which he became president in 1870. He resigned that position in 1889, and went to France; from 1890 to 1902 he was professor of French at Swarthmore. He was author of various text-books, including "French Grammar," "Intermediate French Reader," "French Prose and Poetry," "Reading French Grammar," and "Modern French Series" in four volumes. This year he published an interesting autobiography, "Sixty-five Years in the Life of a Teacher, 1841-1906." reviewed in the *Nation* of June 6, p. 524.

Leighton Coleman, Episcopal bishop of Delaware, was found dead in his bed at Wilmington last Saturday morning. He was born at Philadelphia in 1837 and was graduated from the General Theological Seminary of New York in 1861. After serving three or four different churches, and residing some years in England, he was made bishop in 1888. He was author of a "History of Lehigh Valley," 1872; "The Church in America," 1895; and a "History of the American Church," 1901.

The Rt. Rev. George Howard Wilkinson, bishop of St. Andrew's, Dunkeld and Dunblane, and Primus of the Scottish Episcopal Church, died in Edinburgh December 11. He was born in 1833, and was educated at Durham School, and at Oriel College, Oxford, from which he received the bachelor's degree in 1855. Coming early under the influence of John Henry Newman, he took holy orders, and, in 1857, was appointed curate of Kensington. After several promotions in the church, he became bishop of Truro in 1883; ten years later he went to the See of St. Andrew's, Dunkeld and Dunblane in Scotland. He was a prolific writer of devotional books, many of which have gone through numerous editions. Among them are: "Holy Week and Easter," "How to Keep Lent," "Instructions in the Devotional Life," "Instructions in the Way of Salvation," "Lent Lectures," and "Some Laws in God's Spiritual Kingdom."

Alfred Stead, associated with his father in editing the London *Review of Reviews*, died December 15. He was born in 1877 and educated at University College, London. Among his books are "South Africa" (with W. D. Mackenzie, 1899); "China and Her Mysteries," 1901; "Japan, Our New Ally," 1902; "Japan by the Japanese," 1904; "Great Japan," 1905; "Japanese Patriotism," 1906; "Servia by the Servians," 1906; "Bulgaria by the Bulgarians," 1906; and "Macedonia and the Way Out," 1906.

Heinrich Dernburg, professor of Roman and Prussian law at the University of Berlin, has just died at the age of seventy-eight. Among his works are "Das Vormundschaftsrecht der preussischen Monarchie," "Lehrbuch des preussischen Pri-

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vatrechts," "Pandekten," "Das bürgerliche Recht des deutschen Reichs und Preussens."

BOOKS ON ITALY.

Browning's Italy: A Study of Italian Life and Art in Browning. By Helen Archibald Clarke. Illustrated. New York: Baker & Taylor Co. $2 net.

Sunny Days in Italy. By Elise Lathrop. New York: James Pott & Co.

The Lakes of Northern Italy. By Richard Bagot. Illustrated. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.75.

Florence and the Cities of Northern Tuscany, With Genoa. By Edward Hutton. Illustrated. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2 net.

The Naples Riviera. By Herbert M. Vaughan. Illustrated. New York: F. A. Stokes Co.

The Riviera. Painted and Described by William Scott. New York: The Macmillan Co. $6.

The rational admirer of Browning cannot presume to fathom the intellectual needs of the Browningite, for whom, apparently, Miss Clarke has compiled her "Browning's Italy." The compiler presents her selections and commentary in five chapters, covering, roughly, the early Renaissance, political life, the Italian scholar, the artist and his art, and social life. We have not detected any first-hand impressions; nor do we recall any fresh or striking criticism. With Mr. Sedgwick's somewhat scrappy little manual in one hand, and a volume of Symonds or Vasari (translated) in the other, Miss Clarke feels herself qualified to go forth, to expound Robert Browning and Italy to an ignorant world. So far as appears, she has no first-hand acquaintance with Italian; certainly she does not cite even the better-known historians and critics of the Peninsula. Her selections include, of course, many of the favorites which every reader of Browning would approve. And yet we must, in justice, confess that Miss Clarke's compilation is admirably adapted to minds which have not yet thought for themselves; and as there are many such minds, her book ought to be popular. We have noted several misprints and solecisms. Such forms as Porto Pisana, Porto Romano (for the Florence gate), primevera, and Ponta Vecchio can hardly be due to typographical slips. The volume is well-made as to paper and type, and has a score of excellent half-tones. It lacks an index, which is necessary, especially to the many extracts from Browning.

The newly arrived traveller in Italy often wonders rather resentfully why he has never been told about countless details that soon become essential parts of his mental picture of the country. This will hardly be his experience, if he has ventured to look between the lurid covers of Miss Lathrop's "Sunny Days in Italy"; for, although the author treats almost exclusively of well-worn and over-written ways, she has given her account a spice of novelty by mentioning the very characteristics that in similar books are usually passed over in silence. She tells us, for example, that postage stamps may be bought, even by women, in tobacco shops; she explains the system of fares in Roman trams, mentions the important distinctions between the varieties of trains, and describes the railway luncheon-baskets, as well as the incomparable ceremony that precedes the leisurely departure of a train from a railway station. Her friendly and eager observation of the life about her makes her account of Cernobbio, Alassio, Genoa, and especially of Pisa, interesting and valuable. Unfortunately, at least two-thirds of the book is a perfunctory performance, without *raison d'être.* The chapters on Florence, Siena, and Verona are so inadequate that they might better have died before birth; and surely "the wronged great soul of an Ancient Master" stands near an author, who devotes nearly two pages to the Church of St. Anthony at Padua, and dismisses Giotto's "very interesting" (*sic*) frescoes in the Arena with four inappreciative lines. The worst defect of the book, however, is found in the errors in style with which its pages bristle. We meet such atrocities as this:

> Close to the university are the two squares, the Piazza dei Frutti (of fruits) and the Piazza dell'Erbe (herbs), separated by the building called the *Salone* from a great arched hallway of wood, dating from the fifteenth century, and which building contains more than three hundred allegorical frescoes (p. 275).

Nor is the book free from errors in statement. For example, the terrace of the Pincio commands a view, not of the Piazza di Spagna (p. 169), but of the Piazza del Popolo, a very different place. It was the Empress Livia, not the historian Livy, who had a house on the Palatine (p. 176). The cabinet in the Sala dell'Immacolata was presented to Pius IX., not to Leo XIII. (p. 183). There are also indications of careless proofreading, the most disastrous result of which is that the titles of the illustrations facing pp. 264 and 274 have been interchanged. Yet, in spite of these defects, the book may be recommended for its practical, sympathetic, and in many respects novel account of the Italian customs of to-day.

Richard Bagot has turned from writing novels long enough to write an interesting semi-guide (if the word be permitted) to "The Lakes of Northern Italy." We say "semi-guide," because it does not give the material details which the tourist needs to know, but describes fully, and often picturesquely, all the main-travelled spots and many of the out-of-the-way ones. Mr. Bagot does for this region what the late Augustus Hare did for Florence, Rome, and Venice; and he spices his descriptions with views of his own on whatever subject comes up—smuggling, snaring little birds, S. Carlo Borromeo's right to the halo of a saint, or the magnificent but neglected scenery of Lake Garda. He does not forget to recall the historical event or the legend associated with each place. Sometimes, as in epitomizing the story of Vittoria Accoramboni—the supposed original of Webster's White Devil—he would have done well to state that there is a side contrary to that which he gives. Printed on thin paper, his little volume, which has good half-tones, a sketch map, and an index, may be recommended to every traveller whom good fortune leads to North Italian lakes.

Edward Hutton, another Englishman who divides his time between fiction and Italian travel, has chosen "Florence, and the Cities of Northern Tuscany, with Genoa," for his theme this year. Word-painters, like color-painters, now go afield for their sketches. Mr. Hutton is not so compact as Mr. Bagot. He writes profusely, not to compile a practical guide-book, but to pour out his impressions, experiences, and reflections on the places which he visits. In brief, he is literary—to be enjoyed or not, according to the reader's taste. A *cicerone* who discourses to the length of forty pages about Genoa without mentioning Mazzini is evidently not of Baedeker's pattern. But he is enthusiastic, and he has a style, as may be seen in this introduction to Florence:

> Florence is like a lily in the midst of a garden gay with wild-flowers; a broken lily that we have tied up and watered and nursed into a semblance of life, an image of ancient beauty, as it were, the *memento mori* of that Latin spirit which contrived the Renaissance of mankind.

In criticism of the historical inaccuracy of this remark, we might say much, but space forbids. In general, we find Mr. Hutton's mediæval preferences somewhat tiresome. Ruskin pilloried modern vulgarities once for all. And Mr. Hutton indulges rather too freely in sentimentality. He seems to be an amateur in history, in art, in emotion, addressing amateurs. Nevertheless, he succeeds sometimes in speaking about art and life less affectedly than we fear he will. Literary pre-Raphaelitism in the third or fourth generation moves us not. The book has colored half-tone illustrations.

Herbert M. Vaughan, who describes "The Naples Riviera," has a similar purpose. He does not compete with Murray or with Baedeker. "We pursue our own course," he says, "and touch lightly here, and omit there; we run to dissertation in this place, we glide silently by in another." He, too, has dipped intelligently into history and literature, and, as he takes us through Naples, or Pompeii, to Salerno, Sorrento, Pæstum, Amalfi, Capri, and Ischia, he calls up many of the well-known figures, or cites the familiar passages. He is more concrete than Mr. Hutton, and, therefore, to our thinking more interesting. He conscientiously provides an index, and the publishers have added twenty-five colored pictures by Maurice Greiffenhagen.

"The Riviera," the most elaborate of these volumes, is by William Scott, a painter who makes his own illustrations. So the point of view is artistic rather than literary. Nevertheless, Mr. Scott takes an eager interest in the people and their past, as well as in landscape, and he has ransacked local histories. He describes not only the natives, but the swarm of foreigners who flock to the Riviera during the winter. Starting at Hyères on the west, he follows the magic sickle of sea and shore round to Sarzana, pausing at many out-of-the-way places, making excursions up the valleys, or sitting down beside some ruin to recount its story or merely to chat. There is a certain insular point of view, a typical British condescension in some of his remarks: and as he dedicates his book to the Duchess of Argyle, we must expect several references to the sojourn of Queen Victoria and her family on the Riviera, while such a trifling event as the sailing of Garibaldi and his Thousand from Quarto is omitted. But after all, Mr. Scott is an agreeable guide, not wholly

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deficient in humor; and his sketches are often very fine. It is by them that he should be judged. They form a delightful series, which really illustrates the varied beauties of the Riviera. Colored illustrations are still at the experimental stage, as may be seen by comparing these three volumes of Messrs. Hutton, Vaughan, and Scott. In the first two lobster reds, indigo blues, and solferino yellows abound; but in Mr. Scott's the coloring is more delicate, and adds genuinely to the pictorial effect.

CURRENT FICTION.

Margaret. By Rider Haggard. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

The cover design of this book—a couple of knights with two-handed swords, in attitudes suggestive of the teeing-ground—is admirably descriptive of the contents. The story is the most conventional of plate-armor romances, with a full equipment of the usual stage properties. One by one we recognize our dear old friends—the supernaturally beautiful heroine, "fair Margaret, she was called," the strong, silent hero, the Spanish villain, the Woman Scorned (needless to say her name is Inez), the combat to the death, the auto-da-fe, the brigand-haunted inn. The latter in especial is pleasantly familiar, from the drugged wine and the boltless trap-door to the moment when "with a sweep of the sword that lay unscabbarded at his side, Peter had shorn off that arm above the elbow, just where it projected from the panelling."

"Margaret" is a good enough tale of its kind, but one would think that the sagaman of strange lands might afford to leave this field to printward-aspiring young ladies and the Rev. Mr. Crockett. Since Mr. Haggard's pot must boil, are there no legends left in Zululand? Why not Umslopagaas Redivivus as well as Sherlock Holmes?

The Emily Emmins Papers. By Carolyn Wells. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

"Emily Emmins, spinster," has written down a vivacious account of her trip to London and brief sojourn in that city and its vicinity. In setting out from New Jersey, her determination was to eschew sightseeing and the whole cult of Baedeker. A traveller more suspicious of the traveller's immemorial privilege of sentiment is not often encountered. Although one day was actually given to a Stratford visit, it was only upon a tacit agreement with her companion that neither of them should hazard a single quotation from Shakespeare; and the climax of the day's adventures was reached when these sophisticated pilgrims, who had followed what they supposed to be the footpath route across the fields to the Arden cottage, discovered that they had gone in precisely the wrong direction, and that the hour was now close on train time! It may be said at once that this over-conscious avoidance of sentiment, of "first impressions," of everything, in short, which might possibly be termed conventional, becomes at last a little wearing. A prudent distrust of the commonplace is well enough; but it is a pity if all the conventional ways of humanity must be rendered anathema, merely because many tedious people have pursued them.

Be that as it may; for shrewd, humorous observation upon English society and manners—and it was to this field that "Emily Emmins" gave her chief attention—nothing more engaging than these same "papers" has appeared for a long time. Here is to be found, for instance, an inimitable little treatise upon that typical English hostess, who greets one with "a sudden, inordinate gush of welcome"—"You dear thing! how sweet of you to come!"—and relapses the next instant into a fit of icy abstraction, quite oblivious of her guest's existence. Accounts of week-end house-parties out of town, of tea-drinkings, of shopping experiences in Piccadilly, and of that alluring social game known as "going on," are all admirably done. Finally a word of praise should be given to the clever outline sketches by Josephine A. Meyer, which add one more touch of liveliness to an uncommonly lively and readable text.

Gunhild. By Dorothy Canfield. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

Miss Canfield's book gives one the feeling that it was inspired by a contralto voice singing "Ein Jüngling liebt ein Mädchen" under the glamour of the Midnight Sun. It is a little tragedy of misdirected love, in a vividly depicted Norwegian setting; and it is so well written as to leave one distinctly depressed. The story is summed up in a paragraph by the finest and most vital of the characters, Aunt Nancy, who suffers gallantly through the entire book from sciatica, heartache, and the selfishness of her companions:

> A rattle of drums startled them into observation of the outer world. The hour for changing the sentinel had come, and the guard was about to escort him back to the barracks. The big peasant lads, burly in their ill-fitting uniforms, looked anxiously at a trim young officer before them. He gave a word of command, and like automata, all together, they put their right hands on their hips with elbows out, turned their heads and eyes stiffly to the right, and straightened their line, measuring accurate, equal distances from each other by their upraised elbows. Miss Fox began speaking in a low voice as though she were thinking out loud. "You ask why? Look at the soldiers and see. I don't know what that command is in Norwegian, but in America it is 'Right dress!' And it is what most of us are doing all our lives—looking to some one who in turn is looking to one further on, always separated by a space small but impassable. See: all my life I have looked to Ralph Morton, he looks to his wife, and she to her pretty clothes and foolish social life. Campbell looks despairingly at Caroline—Caroline at you; oh, you might as well hear it spoken of! And, remember, if you wakened Gunhild to love and saw her give that love to another, Caroline stirred you to a desire for a man's life, roused you from your drifting apathy, and saw that new ardor bestowed on another. Caroline looks to you, I say; you to Gunhild; she to her officer, and he to his Fatherland.

Gunhild, born in Kansas, and still hungering for the sunny vastness of the prairies, is finely portrayed, but convincing as she is in her beauty and simple nobility, Aunt Nancy takes precedence of her as the real heroine of the book. We are quite content to leave Gunhild on the sunlit crag, clasped in the arms of her blue-eyed Viking; indeed, it is such a relief to feel that somebody is happy that we are not inclined to venture a backward look. But it is safe to say that no mature reader can turn from the undiluted misery of the last chapter without an ardent desire to shake the intolerable Caroline out of her self-absorption into some human consideration for the long-suffering saint whom we leave as she is about to add to her other burdens the last horrid straw of seasickness.

The World at Eighteen. By Ray Costelloe. London: T. Fisher Unwin.

At eighteen Miss Charlotte Kingconstance was brought from college in England to learn the world in a Tuscan villa. The world was represented there by an uncle, a desiccated rationalist, who took her as an interesting adolescent specimen; and by a distant cousin, a dab of a sculptor, but a finished superman who regarded her as a sentimental opportunity, and later as an eligible wife. If we should say one good word for this Mortimer Morris, we should be faithless to the traditions of good manners and morals that guide this journal. At twenty-two he recounts the twelve love affairs of his undergraduate years—including the girl he left behind him because she dressed in the fashion of Cambridge, Mass.—complains in company of the advances of collective middle-aged womanhood, openly laves in the flattery that a cleverness, by no means apparent on the printed page, procures him—in general comports himself as an impossible cad. Happily, the intervention of two potentially homicidal man servants lets him prove that he is not a coward as well. Frankly, we cannot believe that this male monster, who combines the effrontery of shameless youth with the indiscretion of doddering bad old age, could ever exist, except in the imagination of a nice bewildered girl. But since it was Miss Charlotte's bad luck to learn the world through such a creature, we cannot wonder that she found it "a terrible, yet beautiful, place, in which each separate being struggles alone, desperately alone, without comprehension or insight or thought or care for anything but itself."

If Mortimer is framed rather flimsily on the familiar lines of smooth, complicated villains, Miss Charlotte is quite real. Her trials with the world as it hurt her are told artlessly and affectingly, if without distinction. Her trouble, aside from the false Mortimer, whom she happily escapes in the end, seems due mostly to the awful amount of tall talk that was encouraged in her mother's villa. It was disquieting to a good girl fresh from undergraduate mathematics. Just once the self-centred Mortimer gave her the key to the matter, but she was too preoccupied to accept this single favor from the enemy. He said in a moment of unusual laconism: "Do you know, I have often puzzled and wondered what people meant, and then found out that they meant nothing." Of course, the ruthless Mortimer took no harm from such disillusionings, but Miss Charlotte did, and her experience may serve as a reminder to loquacious, expatriated dilettanteism that a certain reverence is still due *virginibus puerisque.*

Arfvet. By Hugo Öberg. Stockholm: Wahlstrom & Widstrand.

One of the figures in Hugo Öberg's early novel, "Makter," otherwise a rather sordid affair, was a young man, Henrik Almer,

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who was presented as of unconscious power and firmness of poise, though there was nothing to show how he had developed these qualities. One critic wanted to know something of his earlier life, and in his latest book, "Arfvet," the author tells the story. It is a love story, though not of the pretty kind, but through it all one can see how the experience draws out the solid qualities of the man—and, one must think, of the woman as well.

The Life of Goethe. By Albert Bielschowsky; authorized translation from the German, by William A. Cooper. Vol. II., 1788-1815, from the Italian Journey to the Wars of Liberation. Illustrated. Pp. xi., 454. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50 net.

The period marked by this volume* was one of extraordinary upheaval and reconstruction: the French Revolution, the Napoleonic wars, the downfall of French supremacy. What in Goethe's life and authorship paralleled this quarter-century of world politics? The Italian Journey was an unconscious farewell to the *ancien régime;* the spirit of the régime is reflected everywhere in Goethe's *Reise,* in his letters, in his works finished or begun in Italy. The new Weimar life was to give full expression to the classic spirit of repose and artistic finish. *Dis aliter visum!* Although Goethe's style had achieved its perfection, neither he nor any one else was destined for repose. Even on Italian soil the old Goethe spirit of tricksy freedom broke out occasionally; readers of "Faust" will not forget that the Hexenküche scene was composed in the Villa Borghese.

Chapters i. and ii. of the present volume deal with "Iphigenie" and "Tasso," usually regarded as the most polished of Goethe's poems. Certainly they are enjoyable; they are even used as texts in our German classes. Yet one may indulge in speculation upon the final valuation which the Anglo-American mind is likely to put upon them. The present reviewer, wholly free from bias, is disposed to treat the question as a problem. In structure, content, subtlety and grace of diction, "Iphigenie" and "Tasso" tower above their predecessors; they proclaim a mighty growth of the poet's spirit. But do they appeal to us as directly and strongly, do they sweep us away with the dæmonic power of a "Werther," or even of a "Goetz," not to speak of the early lyrics and ballads in which heart speaks to heart? If we are perfectly sincere with ourselves, we shall probably admit that "Iphigenie" and "Tasso" leave us cold, at least cool. Of "Tasso" in especial we may add that its limning is too delicate, its character-touches are too subtle for true dramatic action. Every teacher of German must have perceived that the real essence of "Tasso" eludes the undergraduate mind, baffles it. In comparison the most phantasmagoric part of "Faust," the Helene act, is actual, palpable, almost elemental. In "Faust," once the situation is grasped, however imperfectly, we feel that the story moves; whereas "Tasso" is always going to move, and that is quite another matter. At any rate, Bielschowsky's remarks on the growth and final shaping of the two dramas are highly instructive.

Chapter iii. presents Goethe's life and personal relations in Weimar after his return. This order is not strictly chronological, but is in the main more satisfactory; "Iphigenie" and "Tasso," in their inception, antedate the Italian journey. In Weimar Goethe was not merely a changed man, he became decidedly isolated. For several years the bond of union between him and the Weimar circle was weakened to the point of dissolution. We know this more clearly than the mid-nineteenth century knew it. For this change Goethe himself had a larger share of responsibility than Bielschowsky seems ready to admit. Here the biographer's nationality has obscured somewhat his vision. The German of 1900 finds it difficult to see Weimar in 1789 without the halo of 1830. Perhaps the foreigner, knowing less, may have a truer intuition of what lay beneath the surface. The all-determining factor in the situation was this: For nearly two years Goethe had led the broadest, the freest existence, had meditated deeply upon Roman imperialism and Papal supremacy in daily sight of their abiding monuments; his associates had been either persons who reflected Italian greatness or persons who, like himself, had come to Italy to profit by the highest culture of which the world was then capable. Whether in Rome or in Venice or in Naples or even in Sicily, everything proclaimed a wealth of tradition, a breadth of vision from which the home-returned traveller was utterly debarred. Small wonder, then, that Goethe, supereminently gifted, a devotee of all that was uplifting, should feel himself cabined, cribbed, confined in pettiness. Weimar, let us be frank, must have been to him in his moments of depression little better than a *dorf,* and he himself in danger of *verbauern.* Of course, the picture is anything but just to Weimar; we know that the town and the duchy and all Germany were on the way to a new greatness all their own. Yet the picture, despite its injustice, will let us into the secret of Goethe's mood. Overmuch has been made, especially in America, of the scandal provoked by Goethe's connection with Christiane Vulpius. Such affairs were only too common in the eighteenth century. Apart from Frau von Stein, it may be doubted whether any one in Weimar was deeply shocked and aggrieved. We shall do well to bear in mind Hermann Grimm's caustic remark, that what really upset Weimar was not Goethe's original liaison with Christiane but his subsequent impulsive marriage with her. Quite independently of the liaison, Goethe appears to have held himself more or less aloof from his former associates, even from the Duke.

The reinstatement of Goethe in his rightful position was indubitably the mission of Schiller. Chapter vii., which narrates the steps in the process, is very pleasant reading. It is the soberest account which we have of the working of Schiller's mind upon Goethe's. The biographer, refraining from the customary gush over the spectacle of the Dioscuri, makes us feel Goethe's loneliness and reserve breaking down and disappearing before Schiller's hearty devotion. In this connection Bielschowsky's remarks upon Jena are significant; they reveal the motive of Goethe's frequent visits, by showing that the university town was passing the ducal residence in intellectual activity.

Chapter ix., "Hermann und Dorothea," will be to the general reader doubtless the most attractive in the volume. It could scarcely be otherwise; one must be a veritable botcher to spoil such a theme. The reviewer need only say of Bielschowsky that he has handled the poem with the simple dignity and charm which are its due. One of his points, indeed, is novel: the contention that although the frame-work of the story was taken from the well known incident of the Salzburg emigrant girl, the impulse of the poem came from the experiences of Elizabeth Schönemann, "Lili," with the French Revolutionists. The contention seems to us plausible and suggestive, provided it be not pushed too far: Lili can scarcely have stood as the actual model for Dorothea, physically or mentally. Dorothea is described as of heroic stature and temper, calm and self-contained; whereas the Lili of the old Frankfort days—Goethe had not seen her since then—was little more than a girl, slender, vivacious, endowed with a charming abandon which haunted Goethe the rest of his life. In further criticism we would ask why Bielschowsky speaks so frequently of Hermann as a "peasant." This is to ignore the circumstance that the father, in addition to his goodly acres, is owner of the Golden Lion, with its well-stocked wine cellar, a man who expressly describes the best existence as one in which farming is coupled with trade. Of Dorothea it is enough to say that nothing in her suggests the peasant.

The "Meister" (Part I.) is handled in Chapter viii., "Elective Affinities" in Chapter xii. Our knowledge of these monumental prose works, if not greatly augmented, is at least quickened. Over certain delicate passages, notably where Philine and Mignon are involved, the critic passes with the nimbleness of a skater upon thin ice.

The concluding chapter, xiv., which deals with the political upheaval of 1808-1815, must have cost the biographer much anxious thought. Clearly the problem was one of naught extenuate nor set down aught in malice. Between the already aging poet and the new Germany of the Uprising there was a gulf which time alone could close. Young Germany was not always mindful of the fact that its illustrious poet was in character and temperament essentially of the eighteenth century; on his part the poet, not being also a prophet, could not foresee whither his country was drifting. Thanks to Bielschowsky's sober unravelling of the tangled threads, we are able to perceive that the misunderstanding was much less grave than it once seemed. It disappeared altogether with the appearance of "Dichtung und Wahrheit." Here the veritable Goethe revealed himself in all his attributes and characteristics, the most German of them all. Yet, incredible as it must sound, we are to chronicle the fact that "Dichtung und Wahrheit," the greatest of Goethe's prose writings, in truth the greatest of all his writings except the "Faust," is nowhere treated by Bielschowsky fully and by itself; it gets only passing mention in half a dozen places. Why this inexplicable oversight? Of course the substance of the autobiography has passed into Biel-

*For notice of Vol. I. see *Nation* of May 24, 1906.

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schowsky's narrative of Goethe's youth. But the sheer constructive genius of "Dichtung und Wahrheit," its marvellous atmosphere, its significance as a whole for the interpretation not only of "Faust" but of all German literature and history, surely these are matters worth a chapter to themselves in what aspires to be the Goethe biography by eminence.

Of the translator, a word or two. He is gaining in precision and ease with the progress of his work, for he takes his work seriously. It is a credit to our scholarship, and we owe him thanks. Yet the conscientious reviewer may permit himself an occasional grumble. Thus, living unfortunately in an age of *collisions*, we are made uncomfortable by the phrase (p. 19): "This transformation collided with the chief motive." Nor does the phrase (p. 196): "That the beautiful, purposive as it may seem to us, must not serve any particular purpose," sound much happier. "Red-tapism" (p. 222) is a quite unnecessary stretching of the good old red tape. Whether "motivate" (p. 382), "motivation" (p. 138), will ever become standard, is a question we leave to the reader; but certainly "sonnetists" (p. 351) for the time-honored "sonneteers" is a gratuitous irritation.

The illustrations of the present volume strike us as less adequate than those of the first. The English title of Tischbein's painting is usually: Goethe *in* the Campagna.

Abraham Lincoln. By Carl Schurz and Truman H. Bartlett. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $10 net.

Here are gathered in one sumptuous, superbly printed volume, Carl Schurz's biographical sketch of Lincoln, Truman H. Bartlett's essay on the portraits of him, Richard Watson Gilder's sonnet on the life-mask of the martyr President, and Edmund Clarence Stedman's poem, "The Hand of Lincoln." There are eighteen splendid illustrations, including some pictures that are relatively little known; and the history of all of them is told in copious notes. The Volk life-mask of Lincoln comes in for especial treatment; there are four engravings of it from different points of view, and it reappears again in profile, side by side with Houdon's mask of Washington. These two pieces are described as "the most important contributions yet made to American plastic portraiture." Whether one agrees with this dictum or not, the profiles of the two great Presidents offer an opportunity for interesting study and comparison.

This treatment of the life-mask would of itself distinguish the work before us; but there are also two rare pictures, one taken in 1859, the other in 1861, the first when Lincoln was without a beard, and the second—far less attractive—when he wore a heavy, bushy beard, but shaved his upper lip. To most people the first of these two will, we think, appeal as perhaps the most winning of any of Lincoln's pictures, since it is full of strength, brings out all the sadness of the face, and yet portrays the clear-eyed and fearless tribune of the people. Two familiar pictures of special historical value are those of President Lincoln sitting in a tent with Gen. McClellan, and standing among his fifteen generals, just after the battle of Antietam. Extracted from a group, there is another engraving of Lincoln, standing with an ugly hat and ill-fitting frock coat, a portrait which brings out the extraordinary length of his limbs. We can only wish that the publishers had included in this series, a reproduction of Saint-Gaudens's wonderful statue at Chicago.

Altogether, this is a volume that no one interested in the subject can afford to overlook. Schurz's tribute has an imperishable place in the literature of the subject. But were the contents of the volume less worthy, the book itself is an artistic achievement of which the publishers have every reason to be proud.

Science.

LORD KELVIN.

Sir William Thomson, Baron Kelvin, died December 17, after an illness of some weeks. He was the greatest reasoner of his time about physics, and at the moment of his death was, without dispute, the greatest scientific genius living. In the art of subjugating a question of practical physics and bringing it under the salutary domination of mathematics, it may be doubted whether history can show his equal.

He was born in Belfast, in 1824. His father had broken the ancestral line of farmers, and ultimately became professor of mathematics in the University of Glasgow. His brother, Dr. James Thomson, professor of civil engineering in Glasgow, made at least one important and penetrating contribution to mathematical physics—facts indicating a family bent in that direction. William Thomson was a precocious lad; but he retained through life a generous enthusiasm and a sprightly wit that gave him something of the charm of a boy. He entered the university at eleven years of age. He was twelve when the Glasgow circle received an accession in the person of J. P. Nichol, author of "The Architecture of the Heavens," who became a close friend of Thomson's father and of the boy. The latter, late in life, testified that the poetical imagination of Nichol had first fired him with devotion to physics, and that the same master's enthusiasm had incited him to study Fourier's "Théorie de la chaleur." From Glasgow he went to Peterhouse, Cambridge, where he was graduated in 1845 with high honors. Already he had an established reputation as a mathematical physicist. In 1841, at the age of seventeen, he had published an able memoir upon the conduction of heat and upon the connection between the mathematical theories of heat and electricity, involving, too, important new discoveries in pure mathematics. Another paper published by Thomson at the age of eighteen gave his method of determining geological dates by means of underground temperatures. Immediately upon his graduation, Thomson repaired to Paris and entered the laboratory of Regnault, who was then engaged in his fundamental determinations relating to the theory of the steam engine. In the same year, Thomson published in French his vindication of Coulomb's law of statical electricity, for the supposed refutation of which Sir W. Snow Harris had received the Copley medal of the Royal Society. Though Harris's conclusions were based upon an elaborate series of delicate measures, Thomson overthrew them with one blow, and that upon the strength of well-known experiments of a rudimentary nature. A logical objection has of late years been raised to Thomson's argument; yet those who bring it forward do not revert to Snow Harris's conclusion. Ten scientific papers, all of great merit, were published by Thomson the year of his graduation. The following year appeared his wonderful theory of electrical images, which is a geometrical method whereby a certain class of refractory problems about the distribution of electricity receive a solution. This excited high admiration among the mathematicians.

In 1846, at the age of twenty-two, Thomson was made professor of mathematics in the University of Glasgow, and also editor of the Cambridge and Dublin *Mathematical Journal*. He soon began to produce his wonderful series of instruments for electrical measurement, and this modern art, with its extraordinary precision, owes far more to him than to any other individual. We now come to his researches upon heat, which contributed in no small degree to the progress of civilization, both directly and indirectly. Two theories of heat had been entertained from early times, the one, which is now current, that it is an agitation of the particles of the hot body; the other that it is a fluid. Sir Humphry Davy had advocated the kinetical theory, and Rumford had put it into a strong light by his experiments. Nevertheless, the difficulties of this hypothesis seemed to be such that the fluid theory generally prevailed. Sadi-Carnot had in 1826 published a great work upon the steam engine founded on the latter basis. Meantime, general ideas about energy were developing themselves. The now celebrated memoir of Helmholtz on the conservation of forces was published in 1846; but it failed to attract much attention. At length many things—Joule's determinations, certain confirmations of the kinetical theory by Regnault's researches, and the increasing importance of economy in steam engines—brought physicists face to face with the question, How is Carnot's theory to be amended so as to accord with the doctrine that heat is a mode of motion? It was Rankine in 1849 who first answered this question; but only upon an assumption quite unsupported by observed facts. The next year Clausius outlined the theory as it is held to-day, taking for his postulate that temperatures tend to equalize themselves by the flow of heat from hot to cold bodies. Thomson had worked out the problem independently from a slightly more cautious premise, before the memoir of Clausius appeared. This confirmation was useful in giving physicists confidence in the analysis, and hastened the general acceptance of the modern doctrine. Thomson now became much occupied with the theory of heat. In 1852 he announced the principle of the dissipation of energy; that is, that there is a flow of heat from warmer bodies to cooler ones, which goes to waste, since it cannot be reconverted by ordinary means into mechanical work. Thus, the whole universe would seem destined to become lifeless by the conversion of all energy into heat uniformly distributed throughout the whole. From 1852 to 1862 Thomson and

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Joule published in collaboration ten memoirs on the thermal effects of fluids in motion. The most important result obtained was that the force between the molecules of an ordinary gas is on the whole attractive, and not repulsive, which was somewhat startling, in view of the expansive power of gases.

One of the first great enterprises with which Thomson was identified was that of the Atlantic cable. Electric signals sent through a submarine cable were found to undergo a peculiar retardation that threatened to blur them beyond recognition. Faraday had long before furnished a partial remedy, but Thomson supplied a complete one, so as to secure reasonably satisfactory clearness and speed. The correctness of his statement of the laws involved was disputed by an electrician of the cable company, Dr. Wildman Whitehouse, but the Glasgow expert disposed of the argument so effectively that he was retained on the spot as consulting engineer. He officiated in that capacity both for the cable of 1858 and that of 1866. He was also electrical engineer for the French Atlantic cable in 1869; the Brazilian and River Plate cable in 1873; the West Indian cables in 1875, and the Mackay-Bennett Atlantic cable in 1879. To the success of these enterprises he contributed in several other ways. He prescribed a method of testing the conductivity of a submarine wire while it was being laid, in order that any defect might be promptly discovered and cured. He also invented instruments to receive messages. Those employed for land wires were not sensitive enough. Thomson so mounted a mirror on a tiny magnet that the feeble electric impulses which traversed a cable would cause it to sway. A beam of light was thus deflected, first to the right and then to the left, on a blank white wall in a dark room. The magnet was suspended by a silk fibre, and its movements were practically unimpeded by friction. This invention was supplemented by one called the "siphon recorder," which would leave a permanent trace on a strip of paper. Without question he did more than any other scientist to promote submarine telegraphy, and in recognition of these services he was knighted in 1866.

Thomson was an enthusiastic yachtsman, and did much for the marine art and science. He published special tables to facilitate Sumner's American method of navigation; he invented the compass now generally used on shipboard, as well as the indispensable method for applying Airy's theory of the correction of compasses on iron vessels. He originated the only practical instrument for deep-sea sounding. He was also one of the chief investigators of tides; he invented the remarkable instrument called the harmonic analyzer, for mechanically determining the magnitudes and phases of the twenty or more different component oscillations which enter into the tide at each port. Thomson invented a number of other calculating machines, among them a tide-predicting machine, a machine for solving equations, and, in conjunction with his brother, a remarkable mechanical integrator.

It is impossible to enumerate here all the lines in which our civilization is in debt to the labors of this indefatigable man. His genius was the dominating influence in investigation of questions relating to the age of the earth, its internal solidity or fluidity, and its rate of cooling. Another great field in which his was the leading mind was that of speculation about the molecular constitution of matter. Upon this subject he delivered a course of lectures at the Johns Hopkins University in 1884. He did much to illustrate the exceeding complexity of the problem, and to throw light upon parts of it, while leaving it as a whole unsolved. His last extensive experimental work related to the electrification of air; but he still pushed analytical investigations when he had passed the age of eighty. Besides the treatise of Thomson and Tait, entitled "A Treatise on Natural Philosophy," but confined, in fact, to a part of analytical mechanics, Thomson wrote no books. His Baltimore lectures were reported and lithographed, his scientific memoirs were collected in three stout octavos, and his popular addresses in as many duodecimos. In 1877 he was made foreign associate of the French Academy of Sciences, usually counted as the highest of scientific honors. In 1892, he was raised to the peerage at the instance of Lord Salisbury. Baron Kelvin succeeded another illustrious mathematical physicist, Stokes, as president of the Royal Society. In his later years he was president of the Royal Society of Edinburgh.

The distinguishing characteristic of Thomson's intellect was his power of analyzing physical facts into their elementary components mathematically defined, and of identifying these components with those of other facts. He was a cautious theorizer, taking care not to lose sight of possibilities that other men might not think worth considering. His ingenuity was marvellous. His gyrostat, a thing that would stand in apparently impossible positions; his gyrostatic pendulum and gyrostatic chain, with their weird motions; his bag that would allow water to run in and out freely, and yet was absolutely impervious to air; his instruments for measuring temperature, his jelly model of a molecule, and his paper of February, 1894, on the partition of space (a crystallographic problem), may serve as examples. It is the men who have themselves achieved the most in science who will be most penetrated with admiration for Kelvin. But we can never give full credit to a great man's excellences until we have weighed his defects. Kelvin had become infected by Nichol with a bias in favor of the miraculous. Hence, many of the hypotheses by which he proposed to explain physical phenomena would, if admitted as facts, themselves clamor for explanation. We refer for examples to his theory of germs diffused through the universe, and to the idea that atoms are "manufactured articles." No hypothesis seemed too unaccountable for him, so long as the observed phenomena would be necessary consequences of it. Because he was without a peer in that sort of explanation, because, after all, he did not succeed in explaining the constitution of matter (as he himself confessed), and because more evolutionary hypotheses are likely to be favored in the future, Kelvin's death may mark one of the great epochs in the history of our understanding of the physical universe.

The annual meeting of the American Ornithologists' Union, in Philadelphia, last week, December 10-12, was of greater interest than usual as the twenty-fifth anniversary of the founding of the union. About one hundred members were present and some twenty-seven papers were presented. There was a noticeable falling off in that uninteresting type of paper—local lists, and a reduction in contributions of purely systematic nature. In this systematic work American ornithologists have long led the world, and within the limited field they have accomplished much; but there is a welcome tendency, especially among the younger men, to broaden their research into other fields—notably in the ecological phase of bird study and in experimental investigation. The illustrated papers showed the highest excellence yet attained in photography of wild birds. One of the most interesting papers of a popular nature was Ernest Thompson Seton's account of the birds which he observed during a recent seven months' trip to Great Slave Lake, in northern Canada. What may be accomplished by modern modes of rapid transit was shown by Frank M. Chapman, who, during the present year, followed the progress of summer from the breeding man-o'-war birds and boobies of the Bahamas, north to the heron rookeries of the Southern States. Then swift trains took him to the plains of the Northwest and the summits of the Rockies. Here he again caught up with summer and took a series of remarkable photographs of nesting ptarmigan and other species. The material gathered by collector and artist will be used in the admirable series of bird groups which are being placed in the American Museum in this city. These groups will, when completed, have no equals in the world. Not only will they present a vivid idea of our larger typical American birds, but also a representative series of landscape backgrounds of the scenery of our continent from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

An addition to scientific literature comes in the form of the "Jahrbuch der drahtlosen Telegraphie und Telephonie," edited by Dr. Gustav Eichhorn of Zürich with the collaboration, among others, of Prof. J. A. Fleming and Dr. Guglielmo Marconi of London, and of Count von Arco and Prof. Adolf Slaby of Berlin. Four *Hefte* are to make one volume at a cost of twenty marks. The number before us contains, besides articles some of which can appeal only to the elect, a bibliography and book reviews.

The house of A. Haase in Prague announces a new journal called *Rundschau für Technik und Wirtschaft*, under the editorship of Prof. Alfred Birk of the School of Technology in Prague, who until now has been the editor of the *Zeitschrift für Eisenbahn und Industrie*, but has retired from this position.

A year ago Prof. Pierre Janet gave a course of fifteen lectures on hysteria at the Harvard Medical School, repeating them in part elsewhere. Some of them were fully reported in medical journals, but their publication in book form, "The Major Symptoms of Hysteria" (The Macmillan Co.), will obtain for them the larger class of readers that they richly deserve. The subject is developed in an entertaining way, with a remarkably ready use of English which has only an occasional slight obscur-

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ity. Starting with monoideic somnambulism as the most characteristic symptom of hysteria, he passes on to the "fugues," or escapades (those startling forms of mental vagabondage), and multiple personalities (or "dominating somnambulism"), and then to what may be called the more local manifestations. Everywhere the reader finds some fresh and interesting presentation of the phenomena of a disease which should be better understood, and whose social importance can hardly be overrated. Incidentally the question of hypnotism is discussed with the conclusion that it is "one of the most fundamental stigmata of the hysterical state." Janet insists that the definition of hysteria must be psychological, and he is impatient of physiological explanations; just at the end, however, he urges that these discussions are premature and concern purely verbal differences, so that the skeptic need not feel himself altogether disgraced. Janet's own briefest definition is that hysteria is a "malady of the personal synthesis," and his elaboration of this idea is worthy of careful reading.

An evidence of the lively interest felt in Polar exploration at the present time is to be found in the issue of a new edition of the monumental work of the leader of the National Antarctic Expedition, Capt. Robert F. Scott, "The Voyage of the Discovery" (imported by Charles Scribner's Sons). It apparently differs in no respect from the original edition, except that it is smaller in size and accordingly easier to handle, and the illustrations are fewer in number.

Balloon literature is increasing in volume. We have before us "La Technique du ballon," by G. Espitalier (Paris: Octave Doin), forming part of the Encyclopédie Scientifique, edited by Dr. Toulouse. This is really a treatise on the mechanics of the balloon and of its accessories. Some idea of the scope and progress of the science may be formed from the subjects treated. To illustrate, we have chapters on the means of combating vertical instability, on the fatigue of the stuffs forming the envelope, and on the geometrical form of the balloon. The work is seriously mathematical. Of quite another character is Captain de Forge's "La Conquête de l'air" (Paris: Berger-Levrault). Compared with the text just described, this book is what the French themselves call an *ouvrage de vulgarisation*. But as such it is distinctly interesting and valuable, giving an account of ballooning (including aeroplaning) from its origin down to the present day. Naturally enough, the French point of view is always in evidence, foreign investigation as a rule getting but a short shrift. We note that our own Langley is, so to say, dismissed with "un Américain, Langley."

Major P. Charbonnier's "Balistique extérieure rationnelle" (Paris: Octave Doin) is issued in two separate volumes, dealing respectively with the principal and secondary problems of ballistics. Of the value of these books to the scientific artillery specialist, there can be no question. But we should like here especially to point out the interest these works should have for the physicist pure and simple. The motion of a projectile is really planetary, complicated by the resistance of the medium in which it takes place and by the rotation of the earth itself. The problem so far has defied general solution. The examples and exercises originated and collected by Major Charbonnier command attention as being neither numerical tests, on the one hand, nor mere mathematical gymnastics on the other.

Drama.

For the closing performance of his engagement at the Lyric Theatre, Ermete Novelli selected Shakespeare's "Macbeth," and his impersonation of the guilty Thane lent strong confirmation to the accuracy of the opinion already expressed in these pages that his great histrionic capacity, manifested so vividly in romance, melodrama, and a very wide range of comedy, is unequal to the higher flights of tragedy. Notable as his Shylock was in many respects—in cunning, malevolence, frenzied passion, and grovelling despair—it lacked the touch of imagination which gave forlorn dignity and pathos to the conceptions of Booth and Irving; and the want of this refining and ennobling influence was still more noticeable in the far greater and loftier characters of Othello and Lear. In his Macbeth there was an almost total absence of it. In common fairness it should be remembered that he is probably but imperfectly acquainted with English traditions or commentaries; and that his ideal was formed chiefly from a lacerated text only dimly suggestive of the original, but if he possessed the intuition or the insight of the true tragedian, the general plan of the piece, and the preternatural machinery employed in it, would have prevented him from playing it along the lines of ordinary blood-and-thunder melodrama. In his case there can be no question of insufficient technical resource. No living actor is better equipped than he with the means of emotional interpretation. In figure, voice, eloquence of gesture, and extraordinary control of facial expression, he has all the essential qualifications for acting of the highest order. His weakness lies in the limitations of an intelligence almost wholly realistic and theatrical. The same failure of perception that robbed his Shylock of distinction, his Othello of dignity, and his Lear of grandeur and pathos, made his Macbeth an abject cut-throat of hang-dog aspect and manner, showing no attribute of either soldier or tyrant. This low ideal was presented with an exaggeration that occasionally trembled on the verge of burlesque, but afforded some wonderfully picturesque attitudes and most impressive facial play. Some excellent work was done by the supporting cast. Signora Giannini's Lady Macbeth showed comprehension, Signor Piamonti was an admirable Duncan, Signor Betrone a good Macduff, and Signor Ferrati an effective Banquo.

Beerbohm Tree has determined to open his London season with Comyns Carr's play, "The Mystery of Edwin Drood," on January 4. Mr. Carr's conclusion of the story is bold, if not convincing. According to him, Jasper, while under the influence of opium, dreams of murdering Edwin, and so horrifies the latter—who is a witness of his ravings—that he seeks safety in flight. Jasper awakening, and missing Edwin, is straightway convinced that the supposed dream was a reality, and that he has actually concealed Edwin's body in the crypt. Finally he is tricked into a confession by Grewgious, and at the critical moment Edwin returns. Jasper, believing him to be a ghost, dies of the shock. Few students of the problem will be satisfied probably by this solution, but Mr. Tree is credited with a vivid and powerful performance of Jasper, and it is plain that such a character would be well within the range of his abilities. Later in the year he will produce Stephen Phillips's "Faust."

Music.

Irish Songs. Edited by N. Clifford Page. Boston: Oliver Ditson Co. $1.25.

Piano Compositions of Johann Sebastian Bach. Edited by Ebenezer Prout. Boston: Oliver Ditson Co. $1.50.

Two opposing tendencies may be noted in the musical world to-day. One is in the direction of the contrapuntal complexities of Richard Strauss and Max Reger and their imitators; the other is a return to the old folksongs of various countries, those inexhaustible treasures of undiluted melody and genuine feeling. It is easy to foretell the issue: simplicity and sincerity will once more oust ingenuity and artificiality; the renewed contact with early folk melody will give the strength to push aside the mere puzzle music of our day. Every new volume of popular melodies must therefore be welcomed as an aid in a good cause.

No European country has a richer store of national melody than Ireland, or one more racy of the soil. There have been prominent Irish composers, too—John Field, Balfe, and Villiers Stanford among them—but the best specimens of the Irish melody are nevertheless in the old songs, the creators of many of which are unknown. Of this fact any one can convince himself by looking over the new Ditson collection. This embraces not only the best loved songs of Ireland, but a number of others that only need to be known to be equally loved; they have the true Celtic flavor. A few modern songs have also been added. Mr. Page has adopted in some cases the accompaniments supplied by Stanford, Balfe, and others; in many instances he has himself arranged the piano parts, usually in good taste, although in a few numbers ("As I went a-walking," for instance) the accompaniment, though admirable considered in itself, is not quite in keeping with the simple style of the song. The book is tastefully bound in holiday dress.

The complete collection of Bach's works, published by the Bach Society, includes thirty-five large volumes of vocal and nineteen of instrumental music. Of the vocal works all but a fraction are still music of the future. Of the instrumental pieces a much larger number are known, being played in concert halls with increasing frequency. There are indications, too, that more and more amateur pianists are following Schumann's admonition: "Make Bach your daily bread." Of no composer can it be more truly said than of him that *l'appétit vient en mangeant*. This accounts for the multiplication of editions of Bach's pieces for clavier (clavichord and harpsi-

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chord) which are now played on the pianoforte. Among these editions none is more commendable than that of Professor Prout, the eminent English theorist and composer, which is the latest volume in the Musicians' Library. It contains a large number of the shorter compositions, the longer ones being reserved for a later volume. We find here, as a matter of course, the Six Little Preludes, the Twelve Little Preludes; also fifteen "Inventions" and so-called "Symphonies," which the editor has grouped effectively. Besides these there are a large number of old-fashioned dances—minuets, gavottes, sarabandes, gigues, etc., selected, or as presented in four of the French Suites. These dances show the gay and genial side of Bach's genius. They are far from being mere "bagatelles," like Beethoven's short pieces, but, like those of Schubert, they are often as truly inspired as the weightier works.

The selection of Professor Prout as editor of this volume calls for special commendation, because, in the case of Bach, the editor has unusual responsibilities. It was not customary in Bach's day to give in the written or printed music any indications as to the pace or the degree of loudness wanted. The editor has in these respects followed his own judgment, going so far as to add even metronome marks. These, of course, the player need not accept; but, unless he himself is an expert in the interpretation of eighteenth century music, he will do wisely to follow the lead of the eminent English scholar. Only in one respect does Professor Prout fail in his very valuable and detailed introduction to this volume: he gives no intimation to the student as to what to do in regard to the pedal. In Bach's day pedals did not exist, but there can be no doubt that he, who really wrote not for the clavichord of his day, but for the pianoforte of the future, would have used the pedal, had he had one, as freely as Chopin used it; not only for prolonging chords, but for securing a rich and varied tone color by the sympathetic commingling of overtones. By using the pedal in the modern way in the third of the Twelve Little Preludes (p. 9), we can make this piece superbly effective. With its aid, too, the following one can be made to sound as modern, as beautiful sensuously, and as dreamy in sentiment, especially in the last three bars, as a Chopin nocturne.

Grieg is dead, but the world has not yet seen all the products of his unique genius. In the first December issue of *Die Musik* Julius Roentgen has an article devoted to Grieg's musical remains, whence it appears that some very interesting novelties are yet to be published. The composer had the sketches or complete copies of these in three albums, which he always took with him on his tours, so as to be able to give them the benefit of every hour that he felt capable of working. These hours were infrequent in the last years of his life, because of the very precarious state of his health. Nevertheless, a few compositions were left ready for the printer. Among these is a series of songs of the years 1865-1905, which are to appear in two sets. Then there is an andante for piano, violin, and violoncello, which Roentgen considers worthy of perpetuation; also the first two movements of a quartet, which are "among the most fascinating things Grieg has written." It appears that Grieg had planned an oratorio ("Peace"), for which Björnson had, at his request, written the text. But when the poet wanted this text to be printed before the music was written, Grieg lost his interest in it; he never wrote more than one air, which will be printed with the songs referred to. Finally, there is a good deal of the incidental music to "Peer Gynt," which has never been printed, although the two suites made up of this music enjoy great popularity. It was one of Grieg's favorite ideas to have a special edition issued of all this music, for concert performances, the connecting text being spoken. This plan is now to be carried out by his publisher.

Art.

Westminster Abbey and the Kings' Craftsmen: A Study of Mediæval Building. By W. R. Lethaby. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.50 net.

Westminster Abbey, on account of its associations, excites more general interest among English-speaking people than any other building of the Gothic period; and architecturally, also, the building is of great importance. Several admirable books have already been published on the subject. One of the best is the "History of Antiquities of Westminster Abbey," with engravings from drawings by John Preston Neale, a small folio, published in 1823, and republished at intervals since; the engravings are of the well-known style of the early work of John Britton, and are less refined than those of Billings. A later work, by J. T. Micklethwaite and H. J. Feasey, is illustrated by many photogravure plates, to which are added four indifferently good plans. On account of this already rather full illustration, Mr. Lethaby was not called upon to furnish a great number of precise reproductions. Small half-tone prints could perhaps have been inserted in his text to advantage, because only those persons who make architecture a special study are likely to purchase the older folios. But such illustrations would have made the book different from what the author proposed.

His object is chiefly to trace the names, the lives, and the remaining work of those artists and artisans who labored upon the church, its accessories, and its surroundings. He says in his preface:

> Just as in thirteenth-century Italy we assign certain works of art to Arnolfo, Niccolo, or Giotto, so here we can identify the works of John of Gloucester, mason; John of St. Albans, sculptor; and William of Westminster, painter.

The work of these men is, then, the subject of the heart of the book, chapters vi., vii., viii., and indeed, all that follow, except as kindred subjects are introduced. Another purpose of the author is stated as follows in the preface:

> I have wished also to get at the facts as to building organization in the Middle Ages—the "economic basis" of Gothic art. If this is understood, it seems to me that the futility of copying the mere shapes taken by this great historical art must be acknowledged. The more we imitate the works of the men who wrought the marvels of Gothic art, the less we have of their spirit, for they advanced into the unknown.

These words suggest an almost mystical way of regarding works of art, a point of view which can never be disregarded; for it is held by the most intelligent and devoted students. The theory applies, however, more to the future builder, the possible designer in the Gothic spirit, than to the student of existing monuments. A more commonplace way of expressing this notion is perhaps to say that the way to design in the Gothic style is to become extremely familiar with many buildings of ancient times, to try to classify them, to follow out their minute details, to live with them and to grow to feel their full significance—then to shut up the books, to close the portfolios of photographs, to go out on the open ground, and later upon the scaffolding, and plan the new building for yourself.

For the enlightened study of Westminster Abbey, chapters i. and ii. may serve as a guide, while chapters iii. to v. inclusive afford an historical record of the building. Chapter vi. deals with "Points of Construction," and will be thought by many readers the most important in the book. The restorations, the renewals, the rebuildings, the modernizations to which the unhappy church has been exposed, have not affected its structural character; and the twenty-three pages devoted to this subject are a compressed and lucid account of the building in the stricter sense of the word. It is pleasant to see, in this connection, that Mr. Micklethwaite, author of the larger book cited above, is referred to on many occasions as having greatly advanced the study of the Abbey Church, and is mentioned in page 147 as "almost an infallible authority on the Abbey." Chapter xi. is devoted to a structure which is not in a strict sense a part of the Abbey Church, that is, the building which Mr. Lethaby likes to call the Lady Chapel. This term is more often used in England than on the Continent; it refers nearly always to a building carried out eastward, as this one is, from the choir and sanctuary. This Westminster addition is commonly named the Chapel of Henry VII., and it was, as indeed our author says, "built wholly in the sixteenth century"—more than two hundred years after the Abbey Church was complete. The charm and value of the thing, however, are in this: "It was built without any taint of the Renaissance," by which is meant the classical Renaissance, which, in the sixteenth century, had spread all over western Europe. This great chapel is indeed an important instance in England of the late and florid Gothic, that which some French writers include in their own term, *La Renaissance,* as expressing the fact that it arose after the Gothic style, properly so called, had run its course, developed, and declined. Now there are in England two or three other buildings fit to rank with this; and one of them at least, King's College Chapel at Cambridge, is more beautiful in general interior effect. Nevertheless the chapel at Westminster must be regarded as the most important of them all, partly because of its plan and structure with an admirable stone roof, one of the four perfect pieces of fan vaulting in existence, partly because of the "very beautiful bending of the external wall into a series of bay windows," and partly because "of the profusion of the finely arranged and well

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wrought sculptures." It has been Mr. Lethaby's delight to compare this chapel with St. George's at Windsor Castle, and to find close resemblances. Brutal restorations under Wyatt at the beginning of the nineteenth century are described as having been so complete that, at least as regards the exterior, "it is now only a full size copy of itself." On the other hand the statues in the interior, nearly a hundred in number, "form our largest assemblage of sculptured saints after those on the west front of Wells," and they are pronounced to be generally in good preservation.

The book is fully illustrated by 124 inserts in the text, generally in the form of diagrams, but also in the way of small drawings showing care for fidelity in reproduction. These drawings represent the patterns of ornamental glass and of mosaic pavements as well as constructional diagrams.

We may accept the book as the latest utterance of a highly trained, thoughtful, enthusiastic student of mediæval art, and may read in it, not merely an account of that one important monument which he has chosen to illustrate, but of the whole style or series of styles which it embodies. This book and others of its kind indicate that the modern world of architecture, chaotic and revolutionary from having no laws which any two students can interpret alike, is in the way of meeting with a new influence—that of the twentieth century mediævalists. The failure of the Gothic Revival begun before 1850 does not discourage the preachers of this new gospel, because they see that the study then given to the Middle Ages was inadequate in knowledge and insight, and that the greater part of the work done under its influence from 1850 to 1880 or thereabouts was too much in the way of formal copying without much intelligence as to the examples chosen or the copies made. Whether such writers as Mr. Lethaby and Ralph Adams Cram of Boston will succeed in taking with them into the field of mediæval study any large number of the young professional architects is as yet uncertain, but the movement is being urged fearlessly and thoroughly.

One wonders why the Century Company should consider Timothy Cole's volumes of engravings after the masters in need of the kind of perfunctory text which Charles H. Caffin has supplied to that on "The Old Spanish Masters." Mr. Cole's own notes are much more interesting reading, and supply all that is necessary in the way of commentary—often, even, the very facts that Mr. Caffin gives in different words in his respectable compilation. The chapters on earlier Spanish painters do, indeed, give some facts not to be found in Mr. Cole's notes, for the very sufficient reason that these painters were not engraved by Mr. Cole, and have consequently no proper place in the volume. There is nothing in these or any of Mr. Caffin's chapters not readily to be found elsewhere. Of the engravings themselves it is hardly necessary to speak. They have all Mr. Cole's mastery of methods and richness of tone, and all the inevitable unsatisfactoriness as reproductions of the originals inseparable from such interpretations of one artist by another. For one who would understand Velasquez or Murillo they are not what is wanted. For the connoisseur of wood-engravings in the modern American method they are a delight.

The latest addition to the Langham Series of Art Monographs (Charles Scribner's Sons) is a grandiloquent little book, "Pompeii as an Art City," by E. von Meyer. It gives many reflections on Hellenism and the philosophy of life in an intolerably wordy style, but contains remarkably little information about Pompeiian art.

"Scarabs: An Introduction to the Study of Egyptian Seals and Signet Rings," by Percy E. Newberry (London: Constable & Co.) contains nearly two hundred and fifty pages, with forty-four plates and one hundred and sixteen illustrations in the text. Of all the antiquities of Egypt the one which is most sought and which lends itself most readily to purposes of personal adornment in rings and brooches or bracelets, is the scarab. There is also no other so often and so successfully imitated. In fact, it is sometimes impossible for any but an expert to detect the forgery. The scarab was put to different uses, now as a record of an historical event, now as a charm or amulet, but most frequently as a seal. Some contain good wishes addressed to individuals or unaddressed. Some contain the names of kings, and seem to have had a sort of eschatological significance, as though they would place the owner under the protection of a monarch dead for a longer or a shorter time. Some have merely fanciful or scroll designs, and others again bear legends that defy translation or interpretation. During the long periods of Egyptian history from the eleventh to the twenty-sixth dynasty, they were made in myriads. In the course of centuries the pattern changed constantly, though the general design persisted. By the back of the scarab its age may be fixed approximately, though wide experience is needed to enable one to judge. It is to the exposition of the significance of the scarab as a seal that the author has addressed himself. It is little to say that he has produced the most valuable monograph that we have on the subject, as far as Egyptian practice is concerned. Beginning with the importance attached to the seal in ancient times, he proceeds to treat of its origin and uses, of the officials who were empowered to affix it, and of the methods of its manufacture. The various forms which the seal assumed, beginning with the cylinder and passing through various shapes to the signet ring, are described. More than half of the text is devoted to descriptions of the samples figured in the plates. These figures number about thirteen hundred, being selections from some seven thousand drawings and from an examination of over thirty thousand examples. The book is thus authoritative, based on a wide study, and as trustworthy as any book on the subject can be made. It is not too technical for lay comprehension, and may be consulted with confidence.

In the London *Times* is printed a statement made by Signor Rava, the minister of public instruction, before the Commission of Fine Arts, which goes far to remove all reproach which has hitherto been levelled against the Italian neglect of artistic treasures. The branch of his ministry which deals with the fine arts had, he said, for the first time since the constitution of the kingdom of Italy, been put on a solid footing, with an increased grant for salaries of $80,000 a year. There had also been placed at its disposal a sum of $1,000,000 for the purpose of making purchases of works of art. A special council would be entrusted with the control of this fund. Legislation would also be laid before the chamber to dispose of the legal difficulties which beset the preservation of monuments and any other objects of artistic value. To this preservation his ministry had already contributed by grants of money to municipalities, ecclesiastical communities, and other corporations. Signor Rava specially instanced the case of St. Mark's, in Venice, for which Parliament would be asked to grant a considerable sum in aid of that already promised by the Venetian municipality. Other arrangements were being made with the same municipality for the repair of the Abbey of San Gregorio, and with the municipality of Ravenna for the preservation of the famous cloisters of San Vitale and Santa Maria in Porto. The Palazzo Ducale of Gubbio would also be restored and converted into a museum. In the matter of archæology, Parliament had voted means for buying and isolating the area occupied by the Baths of Diocletian. The ministry was fully prepared to buy any statutes or other objects of sufficient value which were discovered in excavation. The recent purchase of the statue found at Anzio was delayed only by the legal question as to the actual owner. Funds had been granted for conducting excavations in Sicily. We know also that Signor Rava has prepared a bill on the subject of the much discussed excavations at Herculaneum. The chief provisions of this bill are, first, the appropriation of $100,000 to begin the expropriation of the land and buildings of Resina, the town which stands over Herculaneum; secondly, the appropriation of $3,000 yearly for carrying on the work of excavation, which sum does not include the salaries of the officials engaged in it. A special commission, under Professor de Petra of the University of Naples, has undertaken the preliminary studies with the view of beginning the work as soon as possible, and has already sent several reports to Signor Rava, with important projects and estimates.

Prof. Charles Waldstein protests vigorously against the indifferent attitude of the British government toward Dr. Arthur J. Evans, the well-known archæologist, and his work in Crete. Professor Waldstein says in the London *Times:*

It is sad to think that one who has rendered such brilliant services to science with such devoted work and expenditure of thought and talent and his own material means should have to appeal for support in order to complete a scientific labor which has brought credit to the British nation all over the world. In any other European country the government would have subsidized, if not paid, all the expenses of what can in no way be considered a private enterprise. There can be no doubt that Dr. Evans's Cretan excavations rank highest in importance among all the works of archæological exploration in our day. It is well known that he has himself borne the greater part of the expenses for several years. Those who have hitherto supported him belong chiefly to the academic world or the world of scholars—people who are al-

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ready overburdened with contributions of a similar nature out of all proportion to their incomes. Does not a wider public take some interest in the higher research carried on by the scientific representatives of the nation, and can the wealthier classes in England not be brought to give material support to the efforts of those who thus stand for the nation's higher culture? Is it impossible to hope for a government subsidy? If it be not the "tradition," good traditions can be inaugurated by those who lead the nation.

The opening day (December 4) of the sale of the Rikoff collection at the Hôtel Drouot in Paris gave some interesting prices for old masters of the Dutch and Flemish schools. Although the prices were paid for the most part by international dealers of Paris in competition with Amsterdam, enough amateurs were bidding to show the genuine value now attached to such paintings. Terburg's Woman with a Fan went to a Paris dealer for 43,100 francs. A Paris amateur, M. Boyer, paid 33,000 fr. for J. Ruysdael's Winding Road in the Forest. This painting was sold for 6,100 fr. at the Patureau sale, just fifty years ago. The Players at Ninepins of Jan Steen and Berckheyde, which was put up for sale at 6,000, went after a lively contest to Frederic Muller of Amsterdam for 30,000 fr. M. Muller paid the same price for Van der Heyden's View of a Canal in Holland, which brought only 14,100 in 1881 at the Beuronville sale. Wynants's Leafless Tree went to an amateur for 10,600 fr., as against 8,200, which it brought in 1876 at the Schneider sale. A. Van der Neer's Sunrise, for which 10,000 was asked, and which was sold for 10,300 in 1881 at the Roxart de La Salle sale, brought 28,100 fr.; and A. Van Ostade's Man at a Rustic Window, which was sold for 9,000 at the Wilson sale in 1881, reached 16,500 francs. Van Goyen's View on the Meuse brought 14,000 francs; and a number of other paintings went for higher prices than were asked. The total sale shows a distinct rise in these schools.

At Christie's auction rooms in London on November 27 the following prices were paid for etchings: A. H. Haig, Interior of Burgos Cathedral, £48; Mont St. Michael, £44; D. Lucas, after Constable, Salisbury Cathedral, £94. On November 30, Birket Foster's drawing, The Chairmender, brought £204; and J. Vincent's painting, A View on the River Yare, near Norwich, £420.

The Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts will hold its one hundred and third annual exhibition January 20 to February 29, consisting of original works by American artists in oil painting and sculpture, which have not before been publicly shown in Philadelphia. The committees are as follows:

Painting: John W. Alexander, chairman; Thomas P. Anshutz, Richard N. Brooke, Colin Campbell Cooper, Howard Gardiner Cushing, Henry Golden Dearth, W. W. Gilchrist, jr., Philip L. Hale, Ernest Lawson, Willard L. Metcalf, and Charles Morris Young.

Sculpture: Daniel C. French, chairman; Bela L. Pratt, and Albert Laessle.

Hanging: John W. Alexander, Thomas P. Anshutz, and Willard L. Metcalf.

The seventy-third annual exhibition of the Architectural League of New York will be held in the building of the American Fine Arts Society February 2. Lectures on architecture will be delivered on Wednesdays, February 5, 12, and 19.

An exhibition of water colors will be open at the Salmagundi Club till December 24. Among the pictures at the dealers' shops are paintings by Childe Hassam, Montross's, December 28; old English mezzotints, M. Knoedler & Co.'s; and modern mezzotints, W. K. O'Brien & Co.'s.

Dr. Wilhelm R. Valentiner of Berlin has been appointed curator of decorative arts in the Metropolitan Museum of Fine Arts. His term is to begin as soon as his present engagements will permit. Dr. Valentiner is now the private assistant of Wilhelm Bode, director-general of the Royal Museums of Berlin. He was recommended to the trustees of the Metropolitan Museum by Dr. Bode himself, whose recommendation was warmly seconded by Julius Lessing, director of the Kunstgewerbe Museum in Berlin. Roger E. Fry, finding that he cannot stay in New York for so long a time as the responsibilities of the position demand, has been appointed European adviser of the museum, instead of curator of paintings. Bryson Burroughs, who for the last two years has filled the position of assistant curator, has been appointed acting curator of paintings.

Benjamin Champney, the landscape artist, died at Woburn, Mass., December 11. Born in New Ipswich, N. H., in 1817, he entered the Pendleton lithographic establishment in Boston at the age of eighteen; and there received his first training in draughtsmanship. In 1841, by the advice of Washington Allston, he went to Paris to pursue his art studies. He exhibited pictures in the Salons of 1844 and 1845, and visited Switzerland and Italy. He returned to this country in 1846, but went to France again in 1847, and spent the summer sketching along the Rhine. In 1853 he turned to the White Mountains, and sketched in and about North Conway. To this pleasant painting ground he came back year after year, bought a cottage there, built a studio, and made it his summer home. In 1865 he went abroad again, worked in Switzerland and among the Italian lakes; and in 1866 he spent the summer in Brittany. He was one of the charter members of the Boston Art Club, and one of its early presidents. In 1900 he published "Sixty Years' Memories of Art and Artists."

Mario Raggio, the sculptor, has just died in his eighty-seventh year. He was born in Carrara, and came to London in 1850, where for a while he worked under Matthew Noble. Among his most important monuments are the Beaconsfield memorial in Parliament Square, the statue of Archbishop Tait in Edinburgh, and the Jubilee memorial of Queen Victoria at Hongkong.

The death of Paul Ritter, the artist, is announced from Nuremburg. Ritter was born in 1829, and was from his fourth year a deaf mute. He studied under Heideloff and Korn.

Finance.

WHO WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE PANIC?

It is the uniform experience that in crises like the present all sections of the community, all groups of capitalists, and all existing powers that be, public and private —regardless of past jealousies and grievances—pull together. The October panic brought J. Pierpont Morgan, John D. Rockefeller, and the Federal Administration into cordial personal coöperation in measures of relief. No contrast could have been greater with 1903, when what was then ostentatiously called "the panic" was distinguished chiefly by efforts of one group of powerful millionaires to cut the ground from under the feet of rivals. Banks and trust companies, which in 1903 were engaged in mutual accusations, were working shoulder to shoulder last October, in an effort to save the very institutions on whose practices, four years before, the bitter controversy had focussed. The East and the West, which are always charging each other with vicious methods in finance, discarded personalities and labored for a common end.

But such things are too good to last. Disappearance of the actual danger starts the discordant discussion as to who was to blame. The East and the West are always first to resume their chronic recriminations. New York has now for a fortnight been alleging that the Western banks laid hands on the country's money when it was most acutely needed, and hoarded it in vaults; the West retorts that this was a "Wall Street gamblers' panic." Voicing the Western feeling, Charles A. Prouty of the Interstate Commerce Commission declared last Thursday in his speech to the Economic Club of this city:

> This present condition of things is very properly called a panic, an unreasoning and groundless fear. I don't know much about it, but as far as I can see it originated right here in New York. The people here in New York made up their minds that their money in your banks would be safer if they took it out and put it in their pockets, and the rest of the country had to suffer.

Now on these allegations the rather obvious comment is that they both have this much of basis—that if depositors in the trust companies had never indulged in a run, we should not have had just the "trust company panic" that came; and that if the Western banks had allowed their reserves to run down lower, there would have been more ready cash for other communities. But this is only saying that a run of depositors is a sign of panic, and that so is hoarding of cash—two facts which nobody has disputed.

But sectional recrimination takes a secondary place, in this process of hunting scapegoats, to the sudden outcry that the head of the government is to blame. Ex-Gov. Frank S. Black, addressing the New Hampshire Bar Association Thursday, gave out these dark hints:

> Some day, perhaps to-morrow, those shrivelled values of the innocent investor will pass on to his widow and his children. Will their lot then be cheered by the endless chain of threats now circling round the White House against the "wealthy malefactor" who still unpunished walks the streets and plies his trade?

Congressman McCall, speaking the same day at New York, remarked:

> Gentlemen very prominent, very responsible for the administration of the government of this nation, have taken an attitude with reference to property and enterprise that it seems to me has made this panic inevitable.

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It is plain enough at whose head these blows are levelled. Now, no one familiar with previous history will imagine that the fixing of responsibility on the President is new to the present generation. Wall Street itself, which had been ardent in admiration of President Cleveland during all of the previous decade, turned to a furious denunciation of his policies when it was hunting a scapegoat for 1893. "Anything to beat Grant!" was the cry which reached the ears of the popular idol of four years before, when the country's financial interests began to pick up the fragments after September, 1873. When Buchanan received at the White House the returns from the election of 1857 in his own State of Pennsylvania, he and his Cabinet are said to have broken into laughter at the absurd completeness of their overthrow. A few weeks after the panic of 1837, the New York Merchants' Committee of Fifty solemnly embodied this query in their resolutions:

What Constitutional or legal justification can Martin Van Buren offer to the people of the United States for having brought on them *all* their present difficulties?

People who read history are now fairly well agreed as to what really did cause the panics of 1837, of 1857, of 1873, and of 1893, and they certainly have not reached the conclusion that the culprits were Martin Van Buren, James Buchanan, Ulysses S. Grant, and Grover Cleveland. The stage of sober history, perhaps, has not yet been reached in the matter of the panic of 1907. So long as the discussion runs on the present lines no particular interest will be aroused by insistence on what was visibly done to impair our credit system, and pave the way for last October, by the Captains of Industry whose activities, in the spring of 1901 and the autumn of 1906, were the marvel of the world. In all the other periods referred to, we had very much such militant leaders of finance; they did the same work in bringing on trouble, and when the crisis came, their voices were raised as conspicuously as now in the chorus of denunciation of the powers at Washington. After a while, financial history gave the Captains the rating which belonged to them, and which they will get in the sequel of 1907.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Allen, Alexander V. G. Phillips Brooks, 1835-1893. Dutton. $2.50 net.
Austen, Jane. Northanger Abbey. Dutton. $2.
Beard, Dan. Animal Book and Camp-Fire Stories. Moffat, Yard & Co. $1 net.
Benedict, Francis Gano. The Influence of Inanition on Metabolism. Washington: Carnegie Institution.
Bérard, Victor. Le Sultan, L'Islam et les Puissances. Paris: Armand Colin.
Birt, Henry Norbert. The Elizabethan Religious Settlement. Macmillan. $4.50 net.
Bôcher, Maxime. Introduction to Higher Algebra. Macmillan. $1.90 net.
Bodine, William Budd. Some Hymns and Hymn Writers. Philadelphia: John C. Winston Co.
Borsa, Mario. The English Stage To-day. Translated by Selwyn Brinton. Lane. $2.50 net.
Bridgman, L. J. The Hook. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.
Carruth, William H. Letters to American Boys. Boston: American Unitarian Association. 80 cents net.
Chateaubriand, La Jeunesse de. Edited by Gerald Goodridge. Henry Frowde.
Cicero: Orationes. Henry Frowde.
Collins, William, The Poems of. Henry Frowde.
Colmore, G. The Angel and the Outcast. Brentano's.
Crow, Martha Foote. Modern Poets and Christian Teaching. Eaton & Mains. $1 net.
Curtin, Jeremiah. The Mongols: A History. Boston: Little Brown & Co. $3 net.
Davenport, James. The Washbourne Family. London: Methuen & Co.
Dickens, Character Portraits from. Selected by Charles Welsh. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.
Dugard, M. Ralph Waldo Emerson, Sa vie et son œuvre. Paris: Armand Colin.
Early American Humorists, Selections from the Writings of. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.
Eliot's Silas Marner. Macmillan. $2.
Feuillet, Octave. Le Roman D'un Jeune Homme Pauvre. Henry Frowde.
Finch, Lucine. Two in Arcadia. Brentano's.
Garvie, Alfred E. Studies in the Inner Life of Jesus. Armstrong.
Grasset, Joseph. The Semi-Insane and the Semi-Responsible. Translated by Smith Ely Jelliffe. Funk & Wagnalls Co. $2.50 net.
Hamilton, Cosmo. Adam's Clay. Brentano's. $1.50.
Hart, Albert Bushnell. National Ideals Historically Traced. Harpers. $2 net.
Hayes, Hiram W. Paul Anthony Christian. Boston: Reid Publishing Co.
Housman, Laurence. Stories from the Arabian Nights. Scribners.
Hurt, Walter. The Scarlet Shadow. Girard, Kans.: The Appeal to Reason.
Irving, H. B. Occasional Papers, Dramatic and Historical. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.
Latané, John Holladay. America as a World Power. Harpers. $2 net.
Laur, Francis. The Heart of Gambetta. Translated by Violette M. Montagu. Lane. $2.50 net.
Lincoln, Azariah Thomas, and James Henri Walton, jr. Exercises in Elementary Quantitative Chemical Analysis. Macmillan. $1.50 net.
Marvin, Frederic Rowland. Poems and Translations. Troy: Pafrates Book Co.
Murray, Gilbert. The Rise of the Greek Epic. Henry Frowde. $2.
Nutter, Charles Read, and others. Specimens of Prose Composition. Boston: Ginn & Co. 50 cts.
Parker, Theodore. A Discourse of Matters Pertaining to Religion.—The World of Matter and Spirit of Man.—The American Scholar. Boston: American Unitarian Association. $1 net each.
Power, P. The Place-Names of Decies. London: David Nutt.
Reuter, Gabriele. Der Amerikaner. Lemcke & Buechner.
Reynolds, Mrs. Baillie. Broken Off. Brentano's.
Riehl, Wilhelm Heinrich. Burg Neideck. Edited by J. B. E. Jonas. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.
Riley, James Whitcomb. The Boys of the Old Glee Club. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co.
Sadler, M. E. Continuation Schools in England and Elsewhere. Manchester: University Press.
Schuffler, Robert Haven. Christmas. Moffat, Yard & Co. $1 net.
Shepard, William R. Guide to the Materials for the History of the United States in Spanish Archives. Washington: Carnegie Institution.
Short, Ernest H. A History of Sculpture. Dutton. $3 net.
Sprague, Rufus Farrington. The True Nature of Value. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. $1 net.
Sue, Eugène. The Brass Bell. Translated by Solon de Leon. New York Labor News Co.
Symons, Arthur, Cities of Italy. Dutton. $2 net.
Walker, Ernest A History of Music in England. Henry Frowde. $2.50.
Wigmore, John Henry. A Supplement to a Treatise on the System of Evidence. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.
Young, Anne Spottswood. Tell Me a Story Series. 6 vols. Eaton & Mains. $1.50.
Young, Anne Spottswood. The Bairnie Books. 6 vols. Eaton & Mains. $1.50.

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